



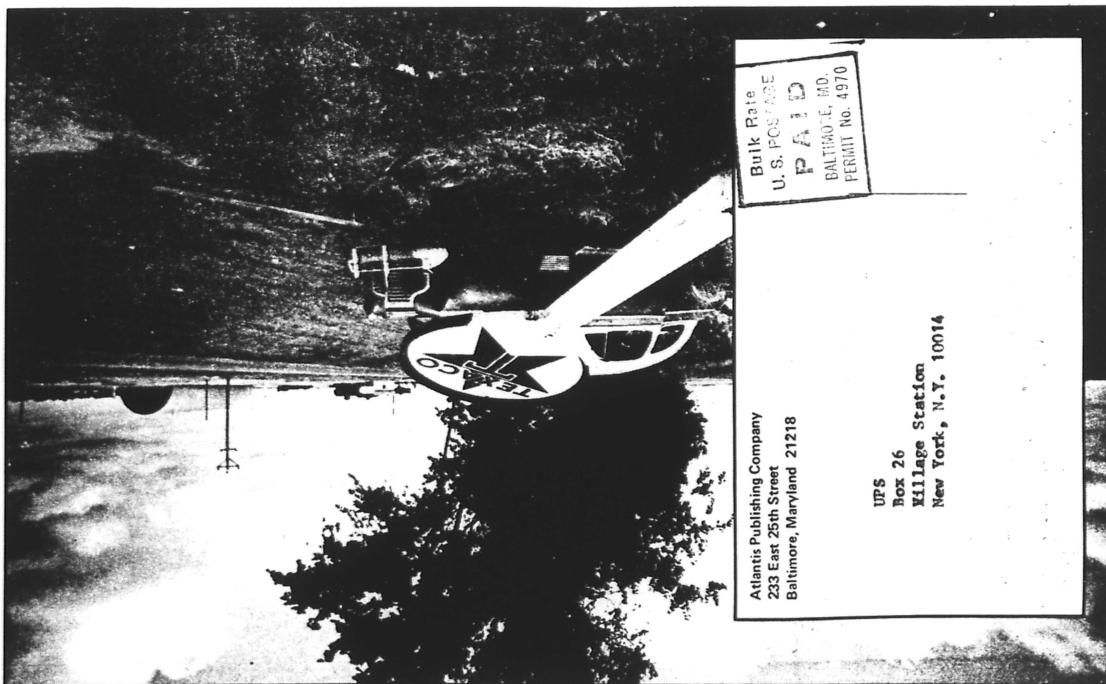
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Harry

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TWO STEPS FOWARD ONE STEP BACK

by Michael Carliner

The state of the world of rock and roll is a herald of the shit storm that the country is approaching. On one side is the government-establishment-old order repression that's banning our festivals, attacking underground radio (in those cities fortunate enough to have it), hassling rock clubs, and shutting rock music out of any place we could hold a concert—or allowing concerts to take place only in a police-state atmosphere.

On the other side, angry freaks are ripping off and trashing concerts, clubs, and festivals. In Chicago, a rock club owned by the producers of *Hair* was closed after a couple of months due to the fact that their shows were continually under siege by gate crashers and trashers. The Atlanta Pop Festival was forced to throw open their gates when faced with an assault by tens of thousands of people who refused to pay \$14 to get in. At the Merriweather Post Pavilion in Columbia, several thousand dollars in damages was caused at the Procol Harum concert and thousands forced their way in at the Who and Steppenwolf concerts.

There are tenable and even very good reasons why rock fans might tear down the walls that keep them away from their music. Basically, we refuse to allow rock music to become the province of the rich and we refuse to be exploited.

However, often the behavior of the revolutionary rock fan—particularly at Merriweather Post Pavilion—is neither reasoned or reasonable. The potential now exists for that relatively pleasant place to become an important appendage to the hip community. Already they've begun a practice of matching contributions made by the groups to community causes like the free clinic. They are moving to lower prices and are becoming more responsive to our community. The big spur to all this interest on their part was the crashing and trashing at Procol Harum.

But we've gone overboard. The overwhelming invasion at The Who and the rampant stupidity at Steppenwolf nearly closed rock out of the Pavilion. After Steppenwolf—where two young non-uniformed, unarmed security guards were injured—one with possible internal head injuries from being hit over the head with a beer bottle—by hoodlum gate crashers, where a sound man was pulled off the stage and beaten by people in the pit, where

burning sparklers were thrown around, where a guy nonchalantly walked across the stage and ripped off a spare pair of drumsticks while the drummer was playing—the local fire inspector, etc., vowed to restrict the Pavilion's license to operate so that there would be no more rock shows. The promoter expressed a belief that rock shows were hopeless in the current climate. The Rouse Company was scared shitless. An initial decision to stop all rock was softened to a one-last-chance thing for John Sebastian (who isn't really rock any more, I guess, but he's the test case anyway).

The psychology of the gate crashers at Columbia is a little hard to fathom. One dude who was arrested after breaking in and trashing the ticket gate at Procol Harum had \$70 cash in his pocket. A guy leaving the Who concert climbed over the barbed wire-topped fence six feet from a gate—just to keep in practice, I suppose. A girl called us and asked if she could review the Steppenwolf concert. We said, "Sure, do you want us to get you a ticket?" She said, "No thanks. I'd rather crawl under the fence." Far out.

I spent a lot of time talking to the people around the fence at the Who and Steppenwolf concerts. I expected to find people like Weathermen and Motherfuckers, but found instead a lot of suburban-type kids (and a few real street people) without much political consciousness or much feeling of citizenship in Woodstock Nation. They didn't want to pay the bread, sure, but mainly they were there because they thought breaking in was cool. If it were simply a situation where a pig promoter was charging \$7.50 to see our music, it would indeed be right on, but in the context of the present situation, it's not cool. It's fucking over your brothers and sisters and fucking over yourself for the future. It's like killing a cow and letting it rot because it doesn't give enough milk—even though there's a very good chance it will give lots of milk in the future, maybe even for free sometimes. In other words, LAY OFF THE FENCES, MOTHERFUCKERS. Please. Especially this time.

The people who try to climb onstage are a stranger breed still. First of all, anybody's who's into that doesn't give a shit about his/her sisters and brothers. They think that climbing on stage will make them some kind of hot shit or something, and they (a) are into the kind of trip where they want to be a hot shit, and

(b) don't have anything else going for them about which they can be on an ego trip. So they kick and claw and push and bite to achieve their moment of glory when they get up and dance around with this "look at me, Mommy?" expression and look incredibly stupid and they usually just climb back down (unless—as is often the case—they are too stupid to feel stupid). There they are folks: the flag pole sitters and goldfish swallows of the new society. Weird! But the way to handle these people is certainly not to beat them up or throw them off an 8-foot-high stage. That's pretty stupid too. Maliciously stupid.

There's an important, anonymous group of people who stand in the middle of the conflict and who may be getting a bum rap. These are the promoters of rock shows.

Promoters—the very word kind of turns your stomach. It's like a neon sign flashing "RIP-OFF, RIP-OFF, RIP-OFF." But they seem to be our allies in the face of repression.

There are three kinds of people in rock promotion. There's the (usually wealthy) amateur who dabbles in it and loses money, who is often very nice, and is sort of a groupie. Then there's the cigar-chewing rip-off artist who will promote anything that will sell, be it circuses or rock concerts, and who doesn't know or care shit about music. Finally there is the righteous professional who combines the good will of the amateur with some of the realism of the rip-off artist. Much to my surprise, I've found that most of the people who promote rock in this area fall into the third, and occasionally the first, rather than the second, category.

In other cities the rock capitalists are an important resource for the hip community. They're considered pigs sometimes, and they are regarded with suspicion usually, but they're the guys you go to for a benefit or for a sound system for a free concert for a free concert or for help in community projects. Remember the shitty sound at Wyman Park? In Philadelphia they have weekly free concerts in the park with a fantastic sound system supplied by the Electric Factory people. Also in Philadelphia, rock promoters were among the main forces behind HELP, the overwhelmingly successful switchboard/legal-medical aid organization. The heyday of the San Francisco scene was fueled, to a major extent, by Chet Helms and Bill

Graham. The much-touted deservedly-maligned Graham was among the original backers of the Yippie! Festival of Life in Chicago in 1968 (where, you'll remember, Bob Dylan and The Beatles played while Julian Bond was named as the Democratic candidate for president). The rock capitalist is no saint, but it's ridiculous that we have no contact with people who promote rock in the area. We've got to co-opt them, turn them on, and exploit them before (or while) they exploit us.

*I told you once
and I told you twice
But you never listen
to my advice
Well, this may be
the last time
Maybe the last time*

—The Rolling Stones

The weekend of August 14-15 will put big-time rock on trial at the only two places where big shows can still be held. I find myself in the uncomfortable position of suggesting that we be good boys and girls at the Santana and Sebastian concerts.

The Santana concert at the Civic Center is something of a test for rock there. The people who run that place are pigs. The promoter, Jay Ehrlich of Mother Truck Productions, can't change that fact. Civic center director Ben Roth considers everyone in rock to be garbage. Even the physical structure of the place seems pissy. But..... there ain't no place else. It's stupid to fight the pigs in front of the stage anyway. So don't spend the concert fighting the pigs. You can do



that anytime for free. Instead, light up a joint, pass it around, dance at your seat, get it on.

The John Sebastian concert on August 15 at Columbia will be partly run by the Baltimore-Washington underground press, with, hopefully, a portion of the proceeds again going to community organizations. All seats will be \$2.50 — no reserved seats. For those who don't even have that much bread, there will be speakers set up along the fences, so you can hear everything from outside and you can lie there under the trees in the park surrounding the Pavilion and get stoned.

There's no need to act like a bunch of 1950's-type horny housewives trying to ball Tom Jones or Elvis Presley. Keep the aisles clear for emergencies. No shit, a guy who was tripping had a heart seizure at the Who concert. Please don't light fireworks inside the Pavilion. There really is a Howard County Fire Marshall, and he really is powerful, and he don't like hippies one bit. He really would like to put a provision in the Pavilion's license banning rock concerts.

Our position in all this is embarrassing and uncomfortable. We've been asked to strengthen communications between the people that put on shows and the community. We think this is important and that it would be cowardly of us to say that we don't want to get involved. At the same time, we face accusations of selling out, which we hope aren't true. We don't like to pretend to speak for the community. If you'd like to present your view of the community interest to us or to the promoters, or if you want to see to it that HARRY doesn't screw anybody that shouldn't be screwed (or fails to screw anybody who should), please call Mike at 243-2150.



LETTERS

Dear World:

On Sunday, July 19, there was a political rally held on Highfield Road for the candidates of the New Democratic Club. Clipper Mill was one of the main attractions. On the same day, at Wyman Park, there was a rock concert. At the park an announcement was made of the rally. I was at the rally with Clipper Mill. It was certainly good to see our own people show up. The rally absorbed the freaks very well. There were some good political riffs going between some of the freaks and the candidates.

So there's the rally as I saw it. Afterwards, I was talking to a friend of mine who was one of the people involved with the running of the rally. She was not too happy with the showing of the freaks. Now this woman was a good friend of mine and I'd like to show her the other point of view. Unfortunately, when I was talking to her I did not think of all these things, but here goes.

One of her main objections was that these people weren't interested. Also, they would vote for Frank McCourt anyway. She thought they were only there for what they could get.

My answer is: they were. These people, this whole generation is out for anything it can get. So much has been taken from them that they have to get back some, simply to survive. May I ask this woman something? How would she take it if she went out and lived one day as a freak? First I must tell her what being a freak is. Being a freak is getting up in the morning and reading your issue of HARRY. Next you go to the corner drugstore for a coke. You go in and everyone proceeds to stare at you. You can see a fierce hate in some eyes and terror in other eyes. You don't want either and you don't like being stared at either. Then you truck down Charles Street as the rednecks ride past shouting things at you. This doesn't do much except for boring you. But every so often you might meet a redneck on the street, and if he stops to talk to you, chances are you'll have a fight on your hands. Maybe as our freak goes on in this typical day he might go by some business sections. More stares and maybe a few insults. If something political is going on, like a march or something, he goes and might very well get his head busted for doing nothing. Then as he limps home a cop car will probably pull up beside him and search him. When they search him, you can bet it won't be easy and if they can figure out anything to hold him on (like his American flag peace button) they will for as long as they can. When he gets to the station, he'll probably have to go through a gauntlet of cops to get to his cell and when he wakes up in the morning the sunrise gauntlet will await his release.

I doubt that this woman would want to go through another day of being a freak after one day. But she would respect these people. They don't have to go through that. They do it because they believe in it. And she asked why their lives were so messed up. So would hers if she held their beliefs. Why have the freaks turned off to society? Because society has turned off to the freaks. And the freaks aren't ready to compromise on pain, or hate, or human rights. So if America wants to know what the freaks' problem is, the freaks' problem is America.

Peter Heyrman

Dear Harry,

re: issue of 2 July 1970, p.11, 1st column, 8 lines from bottom.

I quote:

"cp??eges,ogit get omtp ot; T"

Look if that lady don't want to go to Africa, how come she's speaking African?

Victory through Vegetables
Martyrdom to the Martyrs
Power to the People, etc.
A satisfied user,
Robert Gold
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Carliner,

You've got to be kidding! Your article calling The Who pigs was the biggest joke since Nixon. You stated the The Who were pigs because of their concern for money. Let's face it. Today, that's the only thing, unfortunately, that people care about. Even the Stones at the Civic Center were screaming "We need the money."

As for The Who's concert, I've never seen a group give so much to an audience. As for your comments about their performance at Woodstock, tell it the way it was. Abbie may have been up, but he was trying to make a political speech. Pete Townshend said later that he didn't care about Abbie talking, he just didn't want him on stage during The Who's performance.

As for their "hype" tricks, The Who weren't the first group to destroy their instruments, Hendrix was. If you feel that money is so bad (I'm not saying it isn't, but...), why isn't HARRY given away free instead of sold? Thanks for listening in.

"Tommy"

Dear HARRY:

Yes, freaks in the counties, what about us? What can we do? Well, that's a hard thing to just live in the suburbs with no type of community, just a bunch of kids trying to make it the best way they can. Until they decide to go—as Country Joe said, there's a lot of kids in Amerika with no place to turn or go. Just innocent kids stuck in middle Amerika. Shit, what a place to be. Well, as a member of middle Amerika freaks not yet finding myself together but trying very hard, here are some things which we might do:

1. By all means act crazy, because the suburbs will drive you that way anyhow.
2. Get involved in a youth group such as a church group or some type of goody goody group and fuck it up. Act crazy. Yippie!
3. Getstoned some way. If you got a good head, anything will do. Grace Slick said that.
4. Educate yourself in what is going on in nearby Baltimore and D.C. Buy HARRY.
5. Talk to strangers.
6. Work at shit jobs. Find out what Amerika is really like.
7. Live together with your friends. Don't fuck them up. HELP THEM!!
8. Share yourself and your belongings.
9. Do as much as possible to educate yourself on what's coming down in Amerika.
10. Do things for yourself. Don't ask Mommy and Daddy for money. Become independent. Break away.
11. Don't waste things—food or anything. Eat to live—don't live to eat.
12. Live better for less. Boycott hip head shops which are just in it for the money. And don't support rock bands that are only in it for the money. Support Musicians' Co-op. There are many things you can do.

Be creative. Keep trucking the best way you know how and remember your brothers and sisters who have already begun to get things together.

Dave Kree

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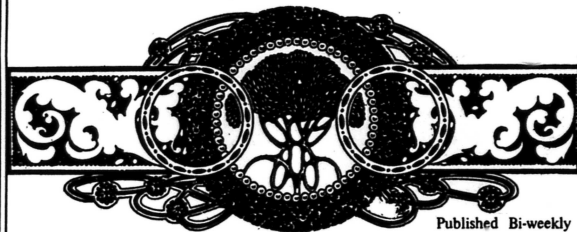
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Glenn L. Martin
Len Bradford
Iron Mike Carliner
Thomas V. D'Antoni
Severne McShain
P.J. O'Rourke
Alan Rose
Cardinal Spellman
TERRI
Henry David Thoreau

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS



People's Action Center — 889-0065
God — 944-2540
HARRY — 243-2150
HARRY's Aunt — 366-2281
Black Panther Party — 342-8536
Youth Interest Program — 366-7188
Women's Liberation — 366-6475
Free Clinic — 467-9488
Underground Switchboard — 685-2770
Fellowship of Lights — 685-2770
Legal Aid — 539-5340
Gay Liberation — 685-2770
Fat City — 486-6565
GIs United — 235-8310
ACLU — 685-5195
Planned Parenthood — 732-3550
Dial-A-Fascist — 821-7171
AFSC Draft Counseling — 366-7200



Published Bi-weekly

Dear HARRY:

It may be foolhardy to suggest "moderation" to an underground newspaper, but in the case of Michael Carliner's "Merriweather Post Liberated Maybe" [HARRY no. 17, 7/2/70] it is necessary.

First off, my only connection to the Columbia pavilion is as an employee of the concession concern. I am also a rock fan and the editor of *Abbey*, the poetry rag.

But to the point—your article raised many good points with reference to the future use of the Post Pavilion for benefits and for free concerts. Your role in eliminating the violence that almost destroyed the Sunday Procol Harum concert, violence that fortunately did not re-occur for the Monday Who concert, is appreciated by everyone. Finally, you have re-emphasized what writers for the *Washington Post* have previously griped about—the poor organization of the ticket offices.

However, goodness does not reign in your article. You fail to properly emphasize the fact that the Columbia Theater Association must charge ticket fees in order to make a profit. Pure and simple capitalism! If rock groups are going to charge ridiculous fees, then you are going to have to pay ridiculous fees to see them.

As you already know, the Baltimore Civic Center has little enthusiasm in booking rock groups.

Next time they do, try storming through the ticket gates to protest their prices! Or is it the fact that the police who work the Civic Center concerts are not as mild-mannered as those here in Howard County?

As it is now, the Pavilion, whose pressure groups range from the Baltimore-Washington underground community to the Chief of Police of Howard County, has canceled an already scheduled Three Dog Night concert. The next big rock concert, the Steppenwolf concert at the end of this month, may be the acid test for rock music's future at the Pavilion.

In short, if the Pavilion goes, so goes quality rock music for this area in the summer.

The Post Pavilion is just too good a theater to shut down by ill-thought violence. It might help if HARRY pursued its many constructive criticisms with respect to benefits and free concerts—how about some sort of festival in the 8 unscheduled days between August 9 and August 17?—and at the same time urged a truce between the Pavilion and the gatecrashers. If violence re-occurs; we all lose.

David Greisman

[Mr. Greisman's letter, which arrived too late for publication in our last issue, has proved prophetic—as has our warning in last issue.]

(Continued on page 3)

NEAT THINGS YA CAN DO BEFORE YA GO AN SELL HARRY ON THE STREET



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CALL UP OR TRUCK ON DOWN

FLASH!

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

John C. Clark, Defense Captain of the Baltimore Chapter of the Black Panther Party was kidnapped with the aid of the Baltimore City Police Department by a California bail bondsman and taken to Los Angeles, Thursday, July 30. He was seized as he was leaving a municipal courtroom which had been the scene of a postponement in the trial of Clark and three other Panthers on weapons charges just a few minutes prior.

Clark had been arrested last October by City Police under a bench warrant issued by the Superior Court of Los Angeles County. He was charged with failure to appear for trial on a burglary charge. After five months of fighting extradition, the police in California decided not to try to bring him back.

According to custom (and law in some states) a bail bondsman must capture his prey by himself. No one can help him. There is no such law today in Maryland. The city police were tacit and active accomplices in the kidnapping.

courtroom he was arrested—not by Valdez, but by the cops, led by Major George Schnabel. They took him. They put handcuffs on him. They formed a barrier to keep the Panther supporters who were present away from Clark.

Bail bondsmen have a right to travel anywhere in the nation and try to arrest bail-jumpers. City police have city jurisdiction—no more. They have no business helping out in the arrest of anyone outside their jurisdiction. Least of all a bail bondsman.

This is another example of the oppression of the Party. Since the big bust of the Baltimore Panthers in May, the harassment hasn't stopped. A few weeks ago four Panthers were busted on a false "weapons" charge. All are out on bail, including Clark.

At the present time, Clark's lawyers are working to have him returned to Baltimore. However, noting the successes of legal maneuvering in Panther cases in other cities, the outlook is dim. It is just another move by the agents of the death culture to wipe out the party. The strength of the Panthers' organizing will determine whether they can continue to exist in this state of war.

Dear HARRY:

It occurs to me that your man D'Antoni believes what people tell him too easily. In his "Cops Bust Underwear..." piece in your July 17 issue he writes:

"One thing should be explained about the Park rules, they are made by the Park Board—only. According to Douglass Tawney, Director of Recreation and Parks, neither the mayor nor the city council can change a Park rule. The Park Board is an autonomous body—divorced from the voice or wishes of the people. They can do what the fuck they want." (Sic... I wouldn't want my mother or my English teacher to think I wrote that.)

This is what the Park Board would like you to believe—that they can do anything they want to. And it is what the Mayor and City Council might well want you to believe—so people won't badger them to do anything about whatever the problem may be between citizens and the Park Board.

But the Mayor does indeed appoint the Park Board... and if they were objectionable enough he could publicly call for their resignations, for instance, or threaten that they would not be re-appointed if they didn't shape up. The City Council is not powerless either. How about, for instance, an ordinance forbidding any infringement on personal liberty in apparel in any public place except

those restrictions commonly accepted in all public places?

Mind, I'm not suggesting that the City Council is enough interested in freedom to enact such an ordinance! And this one might not even be a good idea—it's just a top-of-the-head one to illustrate the fact that the City Council is not powerless, after all... and the Park Board can only do what it wants as long as we let it... and reporters should not believe everything everyone tells them, let alone interested parties.

Love and Peace
 Eleanor B. Webb

Dear HARRY:

You deserve some nice words said to you once in a while. You're a good paper because you get across what you're trying to get across instead of filling up space with a lot of bullshit. You are nice on the phone, cause I called a couple of times with some questions, and I got an answer that made sense.

If it weren't for HARRY, Baltimore would be in sad shape. The other papers are okay, but HARRY's for real and that's no shit.

Appreciatively,
 Sujun.

HARRY:

In Timonium, in the Dunkin' Donuts shop where the gang hangs out on weekend nights, look out for an Italian guy, jet black hair, approx. 6' or 6'2", 200 pounds, well dressed, 27-30 years old. Be cool when you see him. He's a pig. In Cockeysville, be cool, very cool, around the following: Cockeysville Triumph-Yamaha Cycle Shop, Cockeysville Gulf Station.

"Reefer"



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TOO GREEDY TO HATE

by JEFF SHERO

Atlanta used to have a ball team called the Crackers. But now its gone big league. White crackers have been replaced by the Braves, and the hero is a black right fielder named Hank Arrén. White Georgia's typified by Yahoo Governor Lester Maddox, whose fame rests on giving out ax handles to burley segregationists to protect his fried chicken business from "Communist Inspired" Black intergrationists. On the other hand, Atlanta has flourished under a succession of liberal mayors following a course of business like moderation.

Atlanta is a country boy on the make. It has over fifty topless A-go-go clubs, a gamey atmosphere, and a black assistant mayor. Its reputation for progressivism has made it the regional headquarters for the international business community. It's as careful as Mae West about its make-up in public. Atlanta, like the hometown soft drink, Coca Cola, would have you believe: "It's the real thing".

Of course, the jails are filled with the black and poor. The new mayor has screwed the striking garbage workers after getting elected with their support. Block-busting Real Estate agents turn race tensions into quick profits. Unemployment goes up, and real wages go down. Housing developers exploit the loneliness of the swarms of the swarms of incoming college graduates, squeezing out three hundred dollar rents for apartments in prestige youth complexes. And recently this liberal city, headed by liberal Mayor Sam Massell, has developed a liberal program of dealing with the city's blossoming "hippie problem".

Mayor Massell says hippies need a program of "intensive care". But the real problem with hips is that the community got too together. Now from all over the South, young kids are running away to find a new life on the strip. Peachtree and 10th St. are becoming the South's Haight-Ashbury dream.

Newcomers find dope plentiful and the narc problem easy enough to deal with. Big old houses, moderate rents, trees, and sunshine combined with friendly sisters and brothers offers a welcome change from small town paranoia or big cities' concrete jungles.

After a battle with the piggery last summer, the city gave in to long hairs grooving in nearby Piedmont Park. The Park lake has been liberated for free swimming, and every Sunday some of the best bands in the South gather to play for free.

The music is incredible. Bands here tend to work together a long while before fame spreads, and they become

part of the record industry hype. Tight, funky, and with roots in black blues and soul, bands like the Allman Brothers, Eric Quincy Tate, and the Hampton Grease Band are as good as anything in the country. The whole thing vibrates like the long dead San Francisco free music scene in Golden Gate Park.

Though the strip is a businessmen's melange of head shops and porn movies theatres, all the essentials of life can be found. Yuppies run an apartment-finding service. The Crisis Center helps with busts, communications, fuck-ups and freak-outs. The Laundromat is a cheap craft co-op run by beautiful anti-capitalist heads. There are doctors for the clap and other common ailments, as well as some decent

lawyers. The local blue enforcers of the Law, though pig-like, tend towards inefficiency. The scene isn't nirvana, but compared to New York, Chicago, Houston, or L.A., it looks pretty good.

This summer has produced new problems. Every night, hoards of businessmen drive slowly down the strip ogling the scene, and trying to buy a little of that free love. Sometimes, lubricated with alcohol, they get belligerent. Others, primarily working class whites and black hustlers encouraged by the non-violent atmosphere, have gotten into raping and mugging the unwary. But because the Atlanta scene is a unique combination of middle-class drop-outs, poor white rebels, and blacks, an

effective street patrol was put together to protect people from marauders.

Summer has also brought numbers of foot-loose, back-packing hips on the road to the Atlanta Pop Festival. The influx has strained some of the community's resources. Also the hard drug market has mushroomed. But it's the same everywhere, and local people were taking care of the community's needs.

The liberal city of Atlanta, true to its repressive instincts, began freaking out at the success of the alternative counter-culture. While the scene was small, it was quaint, and proved Atlanta's liberality. When it grew, it threatened to take hold among the establishment's sons and daughters, and undermine the commercial way of life. The response was the same liberal rationale as Vietnam: we're sending in troops to protect your freedom.

In a television speech, Mayor Massell announced that to protect the hip community from "outsiders" and "undesirables", he was establishing a patrol force of sixty-four cops. Being a liberal image-builder, the precinct was christened the "Pig Pen", and the front window was emblazoned with a pink porker in a blue uniform. The Mayor also conned a sell-out long-hair to act as spokesman for the community, and express gratitude for the "protection". Then, in a surprise move, he announced an underground press ad campaign! Wow!...Meet the Press was snowed, but street people were apprehensive.

Now the air has cleared. The "Pig Station" is gone, replaced by Precinct 65. The forces of the Law mass on the strip, ever ready to protect the fascist porn theatre owner and other patriotic property owners. There are virtually no patrols off the main street, proving that the city wasn't interested in protecting anyone. One brother has been shot. People are getting busted for such things as "creating a turmoil" and "violating pedestrian duties". Kids who a month ago thought the *Great Speckled Bird* was on a violence trip, now talk of offing the pig and blowing up the pig sty.

Atlanta, despite its pretensions, proves to be liberal Amerika in microcosm—the leaders talk a good game, but use force when people try to live free. It hasn't worked in Vietnam, Berkeley, Kent State or Jackson, and it isn't working here. The strip and the Park are still controlled by the people. Energy is high. The community has toughened and seen through another layer of liberal sweet talk. New forms are developing to meet repression. A new nation is blossoming in the cradle of the Deep South.



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ARBUCKLES

CAFE

BALTO CONG RAID

by D'Antoni and O'Rourke
Sunday, July 19, hordes of frenzied Balto Cong staged another surprise attack, ravaging a New Democratic Club outdoor barbecue and old-fashioned political rally. Espousing enthusiastic cries of "Free Food!" "Free Beer!" and "Free All Political Prisoners!" freaks drifted up Charles Street after the Wyman Park free concert and quietly swarmed the backyard outing.

Earlier at Wyman Park, two mysterious characters (reportedly a skinny Irishman and a large Italian) seized the microphone from Bill Short, manager of Howdy Duty, and made a daring public announcement.

"Hey," said the fat Italian one, "there's gonna be this political rally thing up the street. And it's got free beer and free food and stuff and we oughta go up and get some of it."

"Far out," said the skinny Irishman, "I mean they say they want the youth vote. Well, I know all of you out there are either under 21 or have a felony record, but just cause you can't vote don't mean you can't eat."

When the park concert had ended, we trucked on over. The rally had been set up to project a "youthful" and "integrated" image for the Clark-Dalton "team" of candidates for the State Senate, House of Delegates, and Democratic State Central Committee. The "team" and its liberal groupies were taken aback by the arrival of two or three hundred freaks. However, Clipper Mill, the band they'd

hired for the occasion, blew their minds and turned up the amps. There were freaks in the trees and freaks in the bushes, freaks eating hot dogs and freaks drinking beer, freaks without underwear groping each other and freaks smoking boo all over everywhere.

A HARRY reporter approached a Clark-Dalton team member with a joint rolled in American flag paper. "Smoke some dope?"

"Um... oh... aw... I... uh... um... oh... aw..." he said, gesturing wildly with his hands.

"Aw, Come on." "Er... um... oh... aw... I... um... um... oh... aw," he said, "I couldn't."

The beer disappeared immediately. At the grill, a sea of hands with all sorts of fingers and arms attached grabbed the food as soon as it was cooked. Before, even. One of the girls tending the barbecue got very uptight and said, "This food is only for voters. are you a voter? Are you over 21?" She also wanted everyone to form a line. Amid peals of laughter, her load of hot dogs and hamburgers was snatched from her. Most of the young all-American liberals who were working at the grill seem to be digging it, though.

"Why don't you do something for the team?" Joe Clarke asked a HARRY reporter.

"I offered one of your guys a joint and he wouldn't take it."

"...um...oh...aw...I...uh...um...oh...aw," he said, "why don't you do something



for the team?"

"Well, there's always McCourt you know."

"Grumble grumble."

"I think every State Senator should take a year off and go to India."

"Well...uh...not during the legislative session."

"I can't think of a better time to go."

The Clarke-Dalton team asked Clipper Mill to play softer. Dave Taylor reports being at a loss as to how to play soft rock and roll. Then

the "team" made a pious and somewhat forced speech on how happy they were to see so many young people there. The HARRY reporter asked Clarke why he thought so many young people were there. "I guess we just appeal to them," he replied. Clipper Mill was told to stop. We left.

In the coming election, HARRY backs the write-in candidacies of Thomas V. D'Antoni and P.J. O'Rourke, who promise eternal life and well-lit streets if elected.

FUNOMENON

by Michelle

An amazing phenomenon was witnessed by many people July 19. There was to be a free rock concert that afternoon in Wyman Park and it wasn't raining. It never did.

The sun was bright and shiny as I sped away on my bike to the park. Having got there a little late, I missed hearing Meat and Calhoun. Procreation was setting up, so I wandered about. On of the things I noticed was the number of people I didn't know. Where did they come from? There are no strangers in Baltimore in the summer. There are no strangers in Baltimore in the winter, either.

Procreation started to play, so I got a good front seat and sat down, but after a few minutes they developed some sort of electrical problem and left the stage. I wasn't too upset over that because I could now hear Howdy Duty, a group I could listen to all day. Well, maybe not all day.

Those good old vibes were working their magic, as was the dope, and people

were smiling and laughing and dancing and singing. Howdy Duty began playing and some of those crazy kids from Bolton Hill led circle dances around the people, through the people, and by the people. Howdy Duty was at their finest, really together with the audience. Their last song brought people up on the stage



and everybody became one.

I can't hear guns a-shootin' or see people a-dyin', but yeah, I do hear America singing.



(Continued from page 11)

Mulvey declared her hostile and her "statement" was read to the jury.

On cross examination, Frances confirmed Luckes' description of Sams, testifying that he often bullied people in the Panther office and once struck a pregnant Panther sister in the stomach. She said that "Lonnie was the best-liked member of the local chapter." Down from the stand, she walked to the defense table and stood momentarily before Lonnie, who she hadn't been able to see since they were arrested together 14 months ago, and may not see again for a long time. "All power to the people, Lonnie," she said. He looked up at her, smiled, and said, "Right On." A sheriff took Frances Carter by the arm and led her out.

Meanwhile, Bobby Seale has been thrown into "the hole"—a six by seven isolation cell—at the State Correctional Center, for trying to stop a guard from beating another prisoner. Bobby has announced that he will go on a hunger strike as long as he is in the cell. And Margaret Carter Hudgins, Frances'

sister, who is being held in Niantic State Prison, is in critical condition from an arthritic disease. The condition started 11 months after she was put in jail, and Panther sisters fear that she has suffered terminal or permanent damage. She has been refused medical care, with the prison giving her a few aspirin a day for her pain.

There are only 25 spectator seats in the courtroom closet where Lonnie is being tried, but there's lots of room on the New Haven Green for the real jury. For more information contact Panther Defense in New Haven: (203) 777-8718



The whole world is watching, the whole world is watching.

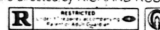


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NONE DARE CALL IT REASON

by Art Levine

After Kent State and Cambodia, there are still many who haven't turned against our government. More than 400 of them gathered in Washington recently for an anti-subversive seminar sponsored by Dr. Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. Pouring in from towns like Waterloo, Iowa and colleges like East Tennessee University, these students, teachers, and ministers met to turn back the forces they see surrounding and threatening their way of life. And at a time when dope and long hair and radical politics seems to have spread everywhere among the young, it's important to realize that it was mostly kids who came to this four-day seminar on the Communist threat.

Heading the seminar, with its day-long series of films, discussions, and lectures, was Dr. Schwarz, one of the most effective spokesmen of the far right. Schwarz, an Australian, has been crusading against Communism since 1940, and since 1953 he has been in the United States, lecturing and writing and organizing. Schwarz takes great care in keeping the image of his "tax-exempt Crusade" "respectable," avoiding the weirdo stigma attached to the Birch Society or Billy James Margis.

The simplicity of Schwarz's talk was deadening. His lectures on Communism seem to have been inspired more by Junior Scholastic than anything else. But at times, when he discussed certain ideas, he became very agitated, his voice building and building to focus on a single word that would jolt the audience into understanding how very real the Communist menace was. Speaking on "What is Communism?", Schwarz's voice became brittle and excited. "Communists will harness any force to bring them into...POWER!!" A tense thrill passed through the audience. **POWER!** That was the key, and the kids understood now in their gut what Communism was all about. Gotta stop 'em from taking power. Yeah.

But what really interested me more were the kids who came to learn about the Red menace. We live, I realized, in completely different worlds.

"I'm glad Martin Luther King got killed," a kid is saying at a party in a hotel room. He has short hair and he is wearing a windbreaker from his school in Florida. The others are listening, and they are not shocked. "The Reds were behind him," he continues. The party is dull, with no liquor, music, or sex, and so they are sitting on two beds, talking about things that have made them angry and confused. "I wonder where Mrs. King gets all her money," a dark haired kid with glasses and a Victory in Vietnam button remarks. "Somebody's got to be taking care of it."

The Florida student changes the subject, though, turning his attention to the "roots of subversion". It all began with FDR - and his wife. Did you know that she was a member of 98 Communist front groups. "That's right," a skinny blond girl adds, "if you look at those laws they passed back then, you'll see that they were socialists."

It is all too much to be believed. Here it is 1970, and these kids are talking like crude stereotypes in some left-wing cartoon novel. It was as if they were only cartoon characters, acting out their role as rightists. Later, the kid from Florida confides to me, "The power blackout in the Northeast was a Communist plot. The president of Con Edison has been a member of the Communist Party for a long time." I nod politely, wondering if they are all so...insane.

I met others who were. They talked in a calm, logical manner, and first you think they must be joking. I remember discussing protests with William Mario, a member of a conservative Ontario group, the Edmund Burke Society. He

Far Out



has red hair, and the hard angular features of his face reflect his cold manner.

"The protest movement is a Fascist fifth-column, with direct contact with foreign embassies, and it's aimed at destroying the values of Western civilization," he says. Student demonstrators are actually seeking to be disciplined. Betcha didn't know that, right? "They need a birch-rod on their behinds," he comments. A...birch-rod? Dark visions of gauntlets and whips and Marquis de Sade are conjured up in my mind, but this guy continues talking, lashing out at all the devils that torture his mind. "I think Fullbright should be strung up by a lamp-post, that traitor. But, you see, the real problem is the accommodationist mentality. The McCarthy era took a healthy punch at it, but it's so pervasive, you know. The major problem with Vietnam is that there is no will for a military victory."

Most of the kids, however, aren't extreme. They certainly aren't Wallace types. They are for the most part, not too bright, very sincere, religious, and well-mannered. Many of them are Catholics, and they have come to be right-wingers because they see Communism as godless and evil.

The events which seem so clear and shocking to us, like Kent State and Vietnam, are seen very differently by these young people. It is a strange feeling to talk with good-natured and reasonable kids as they tell you that the students at Kent State deserved getting shot. "But golly, they're dangerous." a pretty girl from a Philadelphia prep school tells me. She is like many of the other girls here, very sweet and polite, and she makes you think about that American schizophrenia, that peculiar madness that enables good boys from home to machine-gun Vietnamese grandmothers.

Many of these kids are on the defensive, outnumbered and scorned in their schools. I talked with a fat homely girl from a largely Jewish suburb on Long Island. She was Catholic, and she went to a high school that was overwhelmingly Jewish and antiwar. "I tried to form a counter-group, but I just couldn't get any support," she says. "Nobody would listen to me, they just called me a fascist pit. I felt very isolated." Warner Thaler, a high school senior from Jefferson, Wis-

consin, is nervous and awkward as he explains how Communism has made inroads into his school. "Some of the kids are socialistic, and I came out here to find out about Communism so I'll be able to defeat it."

John Russo goes to parochial school, and he has just recently joined Young Americans for Freedom. "I've had to brave a lot of hostility in my school," he states. He also finds himself at odds with the cultural revolt. "I don't go in much for that newer-type dress or modern music." And I understand when he uses phrases like "modern music" how very estranged he is from all that is going on around him. Rock concerts and grass are as foreign to him as they are to his parents, and he seeks a sort of comfort in YAF meetings and lectures by Fred Schwarz.

Above all, most of these students are intensely religious. At various times throughout the seminar, speakers from the audience ascend to the platform to speak on whatever they wish, and many choose to preach on Christ. There is Bob Engel, sun-tanned and from California, sporting long hair, jeans, boots, and "JESUS SAVES!" buttons. He speaks with evangelistic fervor. "America is reaping the fruits of its rejection of God, and the guys who kill and murder and lie are going to get theirs on Judgement Day!" And then there is Barbara Maisall, in her 20's, a Quaker from Falls Church, Virginia. Once a member of the Student Peace Union, she says she learned from books and films how Communists aim to destroy religion, and so she shifted over to the right. She goes now to City College in New York, and she spoke to the crowd on the strike that closed that school down. Speaking softly, she said, "The protestors are not a large group of people, but no one's standing up. If we speak out, we can move the country in a different direction." When she finished, she got a standing ovation.

Some of the students, though, are rather confused and ignorant. A girl from a St. Louis parochial school said that nobody even mentioned Kent State or the Cambodian invasion in her school. And a Victory in Vietnam kid told me that he supported Eugene McCarthy in 1968. He said that his views of the war hadn't changed since then, but he hadn't been sure of McCarthy's position. I wondered whether he felt betrayed when he found out that the Minnesota senator was a dove.

There were also a few local freaks among the crowd, and they encountered

surprisingly little hostility. Of course, there was occasionally some tension when long-haired, stoned kids would wander in with red fists emblazoned on their T-shirts, while a speaker in the front ranted on subversion. Some of the freaks exploited their novelty, giving Midwestern girls the opportunity to tell their friends back home that they went to bed with a real live... hippie! Sin in the big city!

The speakers, especially, at the seminar reflected a deep unease, and issues that I had thought died years ago still aroused an intense response. One of the more popular speakers was Joseph Dunner, a right-wing Jew who is a political science professor at Yeshiva University in New York. He was wildly cheered when he said, "There would be no Korea if we hadn't sold out at Yalta." But his biggest crowd pleaser came during the question-and-answer period. From the back of the hall, an old lady, dressed in a cheap flower dress, a pink hat, and dime-store makeup struggled to her feet to ask a question in a tired, halting voice.

"Is the American press infiltrated by Marxist agents?" she asked. Others nodded eagerly.

The professor on the podium listened, and then answered with wide assurance. "Why, of course," he remarked, "there are any number of infiltrators in the New York Times."

After it was all over, I wondered about the kids who came here. Could they really be the majority? I had thought that every student was against the war by now, but I was mistaken. I found that there is a great netherworld of little schools and small towns that we have just ignored, and they have not yet been reached. It's not just young against old, you know. The divisions are far more complex, and it was a very different America represented at Dr. Fred Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. It is an America we know much too little about.



A note of interest: The Wall Street Journal of November 3, 1969, reports that the U.S. Tobacco Journal has come out in favor of the legalization of marijuana.



"I am glad Martin Luther King got killed"



by Dr. Steppenwolf

While J. Edgar Hoover calls the Black Panthers the biggest menace to the internal security of the United States and lies awake nights thinking of ways to stamp out all the queer, Commie, freak, hippie dope fiends, the innocent little children of this country are being placed on speed and other stimulant drugs by teachers and doctors for "behavior modification". This is a term they use for controlling your behavior or blowing your mind by drugs when other approaches and their propaganda have failed. Hitler must be turning over in his grave with delight, because even he never thought of that one, or had "modern medical science", and the "greatest educational system in the world" to do it for him.

There are no national statistics available, since the FBI is too busy with other crimes to catalog this one. Besides, it is much easier to shoot Black Panthers and arrest demonstrators and pot smokers, than it is to take on the coalition of organized medicine and organized education.

In Omaha, Nebraska, about 5 and 10% of the 62,430 little school kids are on dope, and in Montgomery County, Maryland, nearly 800 of the

elementary school children drop speed with their lunch.

The doctors and teachers have decided that if little Johnny can't read, he must be retarded; if he looks bored or disinterested, that he lacks the ability to concentrate; if he doesn't obey the teacher, he must be rebellious; if he at all objects to the system or to the crap the teacher is saying, then he is obviously a behavior-disordered child. If they can't cure little Johnny of these "ailments" by reason or logic, they'll cure him with dope. Never mind that his behavior is a result of his parents and teachers teaching him up to this point. Never mind that he may be smarter or have different interests than the model A students who say "Good Morning, Teacher" in unison, say the Pledge of Allegiance (by regurgitation, not by thinking about it), and have that great all-American virtue, unquestioning and unhesitating obedience to authority.

The victims are nearly all in the first six grades and are given speedas Dexedrine, Ritalin, Deaner, Aventyl, and Tofranil. While speed is a stimulant in adults, it acts the opposite way in children and thus may turn "hyperactive", curious, thinking, questioning Johnny into a dull, placid, obedient slob. If he already is "dull" or "retarded", there are drugs to stimulate his brain and increase his concentration. So, either way, he gets to take some pills to make him conform to what they think is the ideal American child. The side effects of these drugs on the mind and body, including minor things like death from too much or getting hooked are of little concern.

Dr. Byron B. Oberst, a pediatrician who was instrumental in introducing the "behavior modification" program to the Omaha public schools, shows a film to local doctors, teachers, and parents that describes all this. As a result, a new program was born—STAAR—Skills, Technique, Academic

Accomplishment, and Remediation. How's that for a name to blow little kids' minds!!! Oberst, in true AMA fashion, says that medical problems must be kept in the hands of doctors, so that the total number of kids on drugs could only be obtained from all the doctors in the city. The school officials don't know for sure, either, except to say that many are poor and some are black. By November of last year, thousands of kids were walking around with dangerous drugs in their lunch pails and even trading them off, a red for a yellow, etc., without knowing what they were. One school official who objected was asked why he didn't resist a little louder. He replied, "Look, if I bucked the medical profession in this town, I'd be dead, useless. They are pretty powerful here." Omaha is rare in having two medical schools in a city of under 500,000 people. "This gives the medical profession quite a voice in the affairs of Omaha, and they use it," said a young physician. Another adds, "which also means that the drug companies which subsidize a lot of medical education and research, also have a great deal of power."

Other drugs that are supposed to affect the learning process have never been tried in humans before, just fish. A number of people are objecting to children being treated like fish, including a New Jersey congressman, who received the following letter from a Columbus, Ohio, physician:

"What do you know about the hyperactive child and about the problems they have incurred in school? What do you know about the family who is besieged with phone calls from irate teachers that the child is destructive, uncooperative, has a short attention span, won't learn? ... Problems of taking care of children, their medical needs, should rightfully be left in the hands of pediatricians. No representative of congress should have the audacity to publicly state that children are being drugged just to quiet them down."

Many doctors readily admit that there are no scientific data to support the wild claims of success (even as defined by the establishment), and thus insinuate that the whole thing is one mass experiment.

Dr. Oberst goes out of his way to point out that parental consent is required. Parents report, however, that they are pressured by teachers and school psychologists. One parent decided to tell the teacher her child was taking drugs, in order to stop the daily badgering phone calls from the teacher. The child's grades improved immediately and the teacher noted on the child's report card that the parents had "helped the school." On one occasion the child actually did take one of the pills—and he became sick.

Well, you can see what is happening and what lies ahead. Nixon's personal physician suggests behavior tests for all kids to identify criminals, and putting them away in "camps". Children are being placed on drugs on a large scale to control behavior. The control of genes and heredity is only a few steps away. What better way to control queer, hippie, freak, Commie drug users than to give them all mind-control drugs, and then to change their genes so that their children will be born without such defects. Then we can have a master race, just like Hitler always dreamed about.



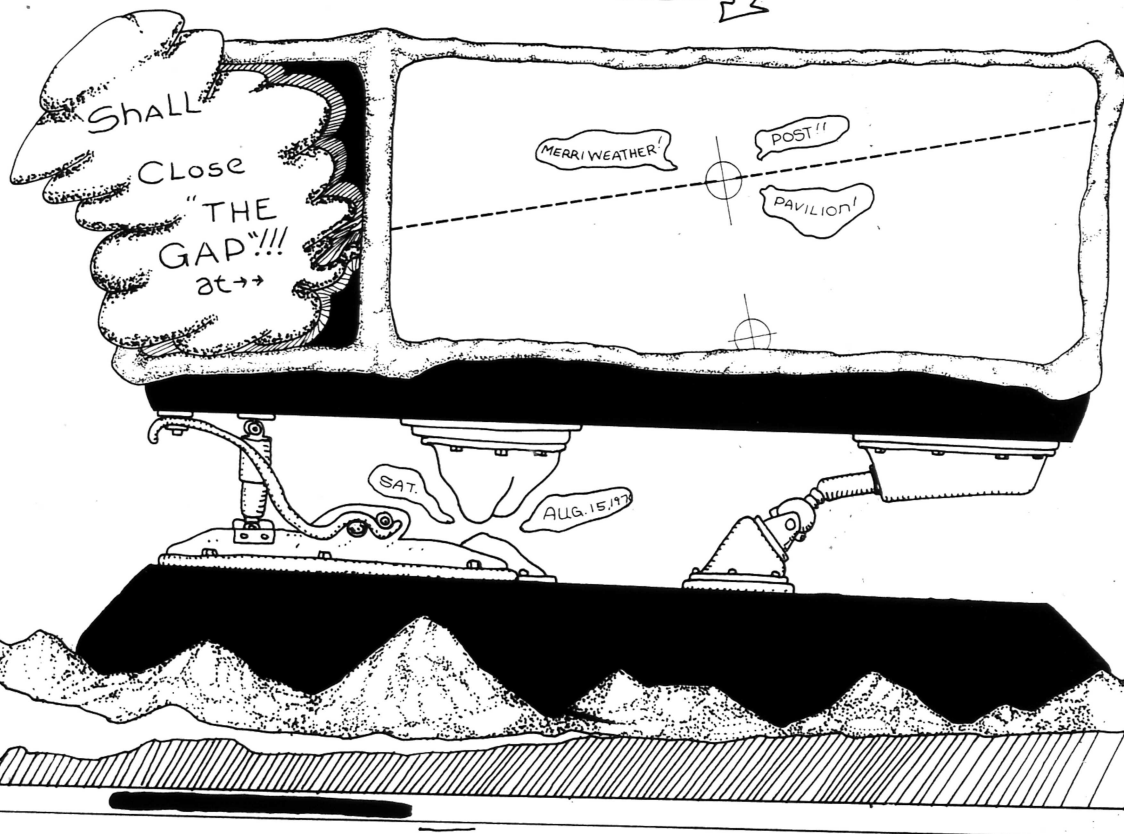
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Dedication: This album is dedicated to the people in our struggle to bring sanity to the world now! to NASA for getting the people to the moon, thus giving the world a new chance to expand together universally in peace; to Johnny Cash & Paul McCartney for their integrity in times of darkness; and to President Nixon: "We love you cuz you need it." Peace, brothers & sisters, music proves that there can be peace of mind even in these trying times. It is the gentlest form of communication, so we hope that you will enjoy these songs and that you'll pass this copy on to a friend when you've "Gotten the Message." **Steve Miller**

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THE DEFENDANTS BLACK PANTHER PARTY AND COMMUNITY INFORMATION CENTER, THEIR AGENTS, SERVANTS, EMPLOYEES, AIDERS...

"The defendants Black Panther Party and the Black Panther Community Information Center, their agents, servants, employees, aiders, abettors and all other persons who have actual personal knowledge of this injunction shall cease and desist from distributing or disseminating printed matter showing how to carry out, or which advocate: immediate or imminent acts which would ambush and/or assassinate police officers; or the immediate or imminent use of violence against, or the killing of police officers; or the preparation and/or use of so-called 'Molotov Cocktails' or other self-igniting bombs generally against police officers, their lives or property."

from the May 20 order for interlocutory injunction.

The story behind the court injunction against the Black Panthers reveals a kind of web of corruption and denial of due process. Prisoners were hidden from counsel, deals were made between prosecutor and judge, and decisions were handed down which ignored First Amendment guarantees and Supreme Court guidelines.

The original injunction, which is aimed at anti-police literature, was handed down April 30, 1970, by Circuit Court Judge James A. Perrott. The scope of the injunction was narrowed by Federal Judge R. Dorsey Watkins, and a decision on making it permanent is now pending, before Judge Perrott.

The injunction was issued during a rash of government activity against the Black Panthers, on both a local and national level.

The death of Fred Hampton, the Panther 21 trial, the L.A. attacks, and the New Haven trial were fresh in everyone's mind when the local pressure increased. Repression, of course, is a constant fact of life for the Panthers, but in April Police Commissioner Donald D. Pomerleau made a strong effort to crush the Baltimore party.

The spark for Pomerleau's action was the April 24 murder of police officer Donald Sager and the wounding of his colleague Stanley Siemkowski.

Pomerleau pressed for a city ordinance and an injunction against the Black Panther Party literature, which, he charged, led to the slaying. On the day of Sager's funeral, Pomerleau held a news conference to discuss the three arrested suspects and inflammatory literature. "They have not been identified with any organization, but the act of homicide and serious shootings were depicted in the Panther literature," he said.

The next day, April 30, the police raided eight locations in a round-up of 11 Panther members or associates. Some weapons were seized, and most were arrested in connection with the alleged murder of Eugene Anderson, whose skeleton was found last fall in Leakin Park. The police charge that he was an ex-member of the Panthers. Later that day, Judge Perrott signed an Ex-Parte injunction against anti-police literature.

The timing was not coincidental, contrary to assertions by the Attorney General, the Police Commissioner, and the Governor. Pomerleau was attacked by

liberal groups for his poor timing and creating dangerous tensions. Among his critics were the ACLU, the Monumental City Bar Association (the black legal group), the Maryland Commission on Human Relations, and the Baltimore Committee for Political Freedom.

The blacks arrested in the police raid were prevented from seeing counsel until the preliminary hearing the next day. This is in direct violation of the Sixth Amendment and Supreme Court decisions governing right to counsel. Although the case is still pending, it is likely that statements were signed during the time when the defendants were denied a lawyer.

Attorney William Zinnman went to Central District Police Station to see his clients on the day of the arrest. He was prevented from advising them by Major George Schnabel, Deputy Police Chief, who referred him to another official, a colonel, instead.

This sort of delaying tactic might be justifiable only if a visitor's legal credentials are in doubt. For a legal veteran like Zinnman, a familiar figure at the station, it is simply an outrage.

Zinnman then went to Hillary Caplan, an assistant state's attorney, who delayed him further with false objections over the legality of Zinnman visiting his clients. Caplan asked questions like, "How do I know you really represent them?" Finally, however, Zinnman was granted permission to meet with the prisoners. Almost an hour had passed since he had first come to the police station.

But oddly enough, the desk officer had already shipped the defendants to various station houses in separate police cars. The prisoners met with lawyers for the first time at the preliminary hearing.

This, then, was the shotgun justice that prevailed against the Panthers. It was in this atmosphere that Circuit Court Judge James Perrott signed the court order aimed at Panther literature.

The first injunction was the result of collusion between the State and Judge Perrott. The defense was completely

Attorney General Francis Burch and Assistant Attorney General Bernard Silbert met secretly with Judge Perrott for minutes. They presented him with a petition for an Ex-Parte (temporary and without hearing). Interlocutory (semi-permanent), and Permanent Injunction. Injunctions are granted in stages. Judge Perrott signed an Ex-Parte Injunction.

The court order was issued without granting the defense a hearing. There was no chance to cross-examine witnesses or challenge evidence and the defense was never formally notified.

Judge Perrott ignored a recent Supreme Court decision when he issued the injunction without a hearing. In *Carol v. Primmer*, the Supreme Court decided that when it comes to civil liberties, you should have a hearing.

The only side heard was the prosecution.

The injunction specifically named the Black Panther party, and its leaders, John Clark, Steve McCutchen (Chaka Masai), Larry Wallace, and persons unknown. Later injunctions tacked on William

Coates, Angelina Edison, and the Monumental Bar Association, which intervened to contest the injunction. Also included was everyone else who gets notice of it.

The injunction reflected the mentality of those who had a hand in drawing it up: Donald Pomerleau, Francis Burch, and James Perrott.

It read, in part: "Material of the kind and nature described herein by affixed exhibits will cause immediate, substantial and irreparable injury to the Baltimore City Police Department and the citizens of Baltimore City at large, and it is therefore

1. That the defendants Black Panther Party... shall cease and desist from distributing or disseminating printed matter of the kind and nature which, by its meaning and import, would tend to incite, inflame, and provoke such conduct by some members of the community as well as be harmful and

detrimental to the bodies and lives of members of the Baltimore City Police Department, as well as to the public safety and welfare of the citizens of Baltimore City at large."

On May 2, Federal Judge R. Dorsey Watkins narrowed the wording to include only the advocacy of imminent, specific acts. He asserted, though, that an adversary hearing was required only in injunctions against rallies and public meetings. But to many lawyers, the injunction was, and is, still unconstitutional.

Judge Perrott extended the injunction May 10, citing student unrest at Kent State and the Flower Mart disturbances as justification. The 10-day extension was issued even though hearings hadn't been completed, and the defense hadn't presented their evidence or cross-examined all State witnesses.

The decision to extend was based entirely on the government motion, and Perrott's decision was just a re-write of

Burch's position.

An interlocutory injunction (semi-permanent) was issued May 20, and it is this injunction which is now in effect, pending a hearing and Perrott's decision on whether or not to make it permanent. Defense lawyers feel that he will make it permanent, and so they are keying their hopes to the Maryland Court of Appeals.

Perrott asked the defense lawyers to submit an elaborate memorandum, but only one has done so. In a short motion filed July 3, one lawyer asserted, "It is the position of the defendants that this court has already made up its mind regarding its ultimate decision in this case."

The tensions are great between the defense, and the prosecutor and judge. In the July 3 motion, defense lawyer Zinnman noted that Judge Perrott had compared Panther pressure on the police to the Nazi persecution of the Jews. Zinnman countered, "...persecution in

Germany commenced when timorous courts exchanged the civil liberties of despised minorities for the personal approbation of false patriots." And in the argument before Federal Judge Watkins, Zinnman and Burch exchanged angry personal insults.

The injunction has yet to be enforced. There are dozens of specially commissioned Police Department officials ready to enforce it. But the Black Panther Party paper continues to be sold, and the Panthers have yet to modify their activities to fit the repressive mold of the injunction. "We could care less about it," says John Clark, Defense Captain.

The threat to liberty, however, is quite real. "If they need a basis for persecuting, the injunction provides an opportunity," remarks William Zinnman. "They're trying to put a freeze on the party." Clark observes, But carrying out the order would mean total war with the black community, Zinnman feels. And Pomerleau isn't ready for that.

...I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAID HERE MYSELF

NEW HAVEN (NS) - What happened in New Haven since May Day when 20,000 young people rallied in support of the Panthers, chanting "Revolution in Y.A.'s backyard?"

When the 20,000 went home, nine Panthers were still in jail, and they still are. Charged with murder, kidnapping, conspiracy to kidnap, and conspiracy to murder, the nine are scattered in different prisons in Connecticut. They are not being tried together despite the fierce objections of their lawyers who testified that a fair trial was impossible without a joint defense. (It isn't likely that they'd get a fair trial even with a joint defense. Even Kingman Brewster, Yale's president, has said that a fair trial is impossible for a Black Panther anywhere in the country.)

All the same, Lonnie McClucas, the first of the nine Panthers, is presently on trial alone. The prosecution hopes to convict him and send him to the electric chair. Like the other 8 Panthers, including Chairman Bobby Seale, Lonnie is charged with murdering Alex Rackley, a member in good standing of the Panther Party, who the Panthers are convinced was killed by a police agent.

The U.S. Constitution states that an accused person has a right to a public trial before a fair and impartial jury of his peers. By these standards, Lonnie's jury is not the 12 white middle-class people, the judge and the prosecutor made the courtroom, but the several hundred young black and white people who gathered on the New Haven Green the day the trial opened shouting "Free Lonnie," hoping to penetrate the marble and iron that confined him. Juan Bird and Alton Shuker of the New York Panther 21 recently bailed out of prison after more than a year in jail themselves, spoke at the rally, along with Big Man, editor of the Panther paper, and Panther Minister of Education Masai Hewitt. Lonnie's mother, who came

up from North Carolina (at great personal expense) for the first week of the trial, said simply, "We're proud to know that so many people are behind Lonnie. We thank you," and went back into the courtroom for another grueling afternoon. In the first two days of the proceedings, the name of her son, who is supposedly on trial, was not mentioned once.

State's Attorney Arnold Markle began the prosecution by showing the jury dozens of 8 X 10 glossy photos of Rackley's dead body, which was found in a swamp. The photos taken by different people were in black and white, color, prints and slides, from the back and front, clothed and naked. When defense attorney Theodore Kosloff objected after the first dozen, Judge Harold Mulvey overruled the objection, saying that if the state did not later prove Lonnie was connected to the dead man, he would order the evidence "stricken from the record."

Then Markle circulated among the jury each article of clothing, along with a picture for identification, that Rackley was supposed to have been wearing when he was killed—from his jock strap right down to the rope that held his pants up. A safari jacket that was supposedly found under Rackley's head (partially under water) held a note which the State claims is from Erika Huggins to Bobby Seale, and which they will try to use to implicate the two of them in the murder. Strangely enough, the ink on the note has not run at all, even though it was supposedly in the water. And the jacket, which smells of an unidentified chemical, has no blood on it despite the fact that the back of Rackley's head was supposedly blown off with a .45 bullet.

The whole thing looked even more suspicious when the medical examiner took the stand. He said the original report stating that there were two bullet holes in the jacket was



"incorrect," which upon examination, it was. The defense also brought out that the shirt that Rackley was supposed to be wearing had two bullet holes in it around the heart, but had no blood on it. Apparently, either Alex Rackley had no blood or else the state blew its story the first week of the trial.

In another episode, a state policeman described "finding" bullets and shells on the scene. Although no such evidence was found on May 21 when the body was discovered, the cop went back six days later (after the police had confiscated a pistol when they busted the Panthers) and, after "digging the ground," came up with .45 slug. And then, 17 days after that, the cop says they went back again and found another shell by using a military mine detector. This shell, the cops explained, was found on the surface just a few feet from where the slug had been found, despite the fact that earlier the ground had been "dug up completely."

Then the State brought out Loretta Luckes to testify against Lonnie McClucas. Luckes is the first of three former defendants who have turned state's evidence in an effort to save their own skins from the electric chair. Upon cross-examination Luckes revealed the deal she had gotten: 18 months to seven years for conspiracy to kidnap, which has a possible 15-year sentence. She also said that she hopes the "quality of her testimony" for the state will get the other charges against her dropped.

Her testimony, even so, made the state's star witness, police agent George Sams who the Panthers believe killed Rackley himself—look a lot worse than defendant Lonnie McClucas. The defense has already shown that Sams has been in and out of mental hospitals over the past few years for being an "alleged dangerous mental defective." Luckes said nothing

about a kidnapping, a torture, or a murder. All she could get her to say was that she had seen water being boiled and taken downstairs at Panther headquarters, and had seen Rackley tied down to a bed, with people dressing his wounds. Also that the room smelled of "defecation." Markle had her repeat the story three times.

At several points Markle had to "refresh her memory" by showing her a statement that police had allegedly gotten from her when she was arrested. At one point Luckes said, "I don't even understand what I said here myself." After lunch, she answered Markle's questions more to his

satisfaction. On cross-examination, Luckes revealed she had gone over her testimony at lunch, as she had done "6 to 10" times before.

During the cross-examination, Luckes testified she had never seen Lonnie with a gun, but that Sams was constantly intimidating the Party members; he woke her up once and told her that if she fell asleep again he would slit her throat. He forced her to do 200 kneebends for not being able to say the Panther 10-Point Program perfectly, pointed a gun at her head and expelled her from the Party. Sams will be the key state witness against Lonnie in the near future.

Markle had a "statement" that the police had gotten from Luckes in an all-night "questioning session" the night of the arrest. If she denied anything in the statement, she would be charged with perjury.

Markle then called Frances Carter to the stand. Secretary of the local Panther chapter, and one of the New Haven 9, Frances finally had all the charges against her dropped for lack of evidence, after being in prison for 14 months, including 5 months for contempt when she refused to testify at a bad hearing.

Markle had a "statement" that the police had gotten from her in an all-

night "questioning session" the night of the arrest. If she denied anything in her statement, she would be charged with perjury.

Frances testified that she had not heard the name Rackley until she was taken to the police station. This did not satisfy Markle, who wanted Frances declared a "hostile witness" so he could read her "statement" to the jury. So, for the fifth time in three days, he asked about the snafu in the room when Rackley was allegedly kept. Frances said she couldn't remember. On that basis, Judge

(Continued on page 5)

THE ULTIMATE JUSTICE OF THE PEOPLE



CONFESSIONS OF A MALE CLASS CHAUVANIST AND ALL AROUND POLITICAL PIG

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

As you probably already know, five of us HARRY people were held captive by a group of theory-crazed Stalinist political personages two weeks ago. I'd like to talk a little about their charges and our responses.

Basically they said two things—they didn't like what we said (in the paper) and they didn't like what we did (in our office/home).

So they didn't like what we said, what we did, who we were, how we acted. We've received similar criticisms from hard hats, city councilmen, and cops.

Now, concerning the first criticism, they screamed about my bust article and my Milwaukee article in issue no. 17, charging that certain sections were male chauvinist and class chauvinist. They cited my use of the words "ugly waitresses" (which is how I described the ugly waitresses who work in Chauncey's Drive-In in Frederick) as being male chauvinist and class chauvinist. Well—one—I was describing people who, for a number of reasons, were ugly in my eyes. The fact that they were women was unimportant. There are some women who are ugly. There are some blacks who are ugly. There are some Marxists who are ugly. There are some writers who are ugly. If they're ugly, I'm going to call them ugly. If they have beauty or wit or good vibes, I'll say that too. The same right that gives the people who captured us the right to judge me and my writing gives me the right to judge anyone and anything I fucking want to.

Two—my mother was a waitress at Read's for fifteen years. Fifteen years. We lived on fifteen years of waitress salary. We didn't have a phone until I was seventeen. So no smart-ass Women's Lib person who waltzes in wearing her expensive dress and her fine leather sandals, who grew up in Mount Washington or Bolton Hill or their equivalents and went to Goucher or Holyoke on her parents' money better tell me about class-male-chauvinist "ugly waitress" shit.

As far as I'm concerned, that is the height of patronizing, guilt-ridden class prejudice.

I'm talking too much and they told me to keep it short.

One more point. Greta Coleman, a staff member at the time and a member of the invading force, typed, read, and congratulated me on that article. She has been a member of Women's Lib for over a year. She never said one word to me about any of my articles. Never mentioned the words "male chauvinist" about them.

Of course there is male chauvinism in our paper/family. Like I said two issues ago, all men are male chauvinists, just as all whites are racists. This is not to say we ignore it. We're working on it. We can't do any more than that. It would be very easy for us to dispute the charges that have been made, to discuss the specific interpersonal relationships between the men and women here, but those relationships are nobody's business but our own.

What we did: We got rid of the captors. We said we'd meet with them later at the People's Free Clinic. We called them and asked how many people the clinic held. They said they had room for one hundred—why? We said we were bringing three hundred

people with us. They said, bring representatives from each group. We said that we don't deal in groups, we deal with people—see if you can find a larger place. They couldn't. We didn't go.

Where we're at: This is the closest thing to a policy statement you'll ever see coming out of HARRY. It's not even a policy statement, 'cause I'm the only one writing it. It's not coming out of any struggle, or meeting, or any fucking collective computer—it's how I feel about who we are and where we're at at HARRY.

We're basically YIPPIES! What the fuck is a YIPPIE? OK. It's someone who is committed to *all* parts of the revolution. Someone who recognizes the validity of the spiritual, the cultural, the political, and the dope trips. YIPPIES! consider all these seemingly disparate trips to be revolutionary. YIPPIES! live all these trips. They are involved in all of them. They see dealers and Marxists and mystics and drummers as brothers and sisters—equal partners in the revolution.

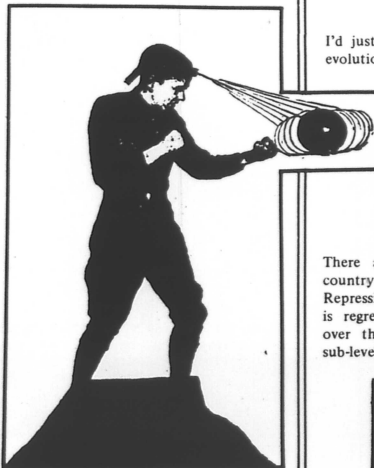
Above all, YIPPIES! are not full of shit rhetoric. YIPPIES! are full of insane, ironic, loving, circus *joie de Owsley* ecstasy. They live the revolution instead of talking about it. They try to. We try to.

We don't want to fuck with nobody. We want to talk to everybody. We're not going to put up with shit from anybody. Not from political Marxist Maoist freaks, not from the cops, not from anybody. Hear?

You have any criticisms of the paper? Truck on over to the HARRY office. Call us up. Invite us over. Let's smoke some dope. Or some hash. Or some kif. Or drink some wine. Or do it straight (ugh). But let's sit down and rap it out as brothers and sisters.

Write an article! We've NEVER rejected an article on account of politics or cause we don't like someone's trip. We've even printed articles of dubious interest and literary merit just to see to it that a wide spectrum of opinions were represented.

Write, draw, sell, help us, work for the paper. It's your paper and it's our paper. DO IT! YIPPIE!!



FREAK ON THE STREET

Once again HARRY's reporter-on-the-lam raps it out with more of Baltimore's finest Freaks-on-the-street. The question this time is, "If you had a chance to testify before a presidential commission on 'The Youth Revolt', what would you tell them?"



I think I would get a list of all the MacDonalds in the country. Then I would compile statements from each Good Humor man who had been working for at least five years or more. To this I would add a whole program of information selected from the various Howard Johnsons along the highway. I would shuffle and deal.



I don't know. I'm not very good at questions.



I'd say the main cause is lack of communication, that the president better get his ass together goddammit. And he better fix it up, I just read a thing in the paper today that they're thinking about suspending the 1972 elections and Agnew's thinking about repealing the Bill of Rights, so I'd say they'd better honestly and relevantly think about what's going on or they won't be going on.



I'd just explain it as an accelerated evolution.



There are a lot of things in this country that are really fucked-up. Repression is getting worse. Freedom is regressing. Technocracy is taking over the world. Man is put into a sub-level.



Bow-wow



There's a youth revolt 'cause the world's revolting



I'd say that the revolution is certainly the way to anti-progress in this country, the only way that this country needs.



Talk to Mr. Thumb. Mr. Thumb in the box.



I'd tell them to go fuck themselves.



I think it's one big farce. You can't tell him anything. He must for himself see what is going on. I think that maybe if he went to another country, saw how the kids there were, like in Israel where we don't have any revolution. The kids there are together with the adults. If he could just go to another country and see. He could see a way he could help the kids here. I think it's too far right now to stop it. It's just going to have to finish and then what happens happens.



Wow. Well, you see it's like this. If I ever got to talk to Agnew there would be no words that went down because I'd piss on him. Even if I didn't have to piss. I would tickle my balls until I had to. I would piss on him and that's where it's at.

CULTVRE



by Elliott Sirkin

Just as Venessa Redgrave always suggests every sensual, intelligent woman in the world, Beau Bridges in *The Landlord* suggests every sensitive, intelligent young man. His screen personality is so clear and so rich, so much fuller and so much more fascinating than the personalities of most of the new American and British stars of the last few years, that it doesn't seem possible that he could be part of the same generation, or even live in the same world. He doesn't just play important sympathetic human qualities. He typifies them. His buoyancy and his good will and his playfulness are more than characteristics, they're emblems, stand-ins for all the buoyancy and playfulness and good will on the globe. In Bridges, the pleasure that's to be gotten in life from being with people who are sweet and genuinely open is doubled, over and over. Without ever forcing it, without ever fighting to be ingratiating and without ever begging for approval, he's able to be consistently winning. In *The Landlord* he has one beautiful, funny scene—a moment when he signals to a pretty cafe-dancer—that's so strong, it could almost act as a flash summary of the strangely elusive wit and agility that all lively young men have in common and don't have to work to cultivate. Beau Bridges is the first real successor to James Stewart, the first young actor who's been able to play the gentleness and the wryness, and above all, the eagerness to do the right thing of a civilized kid, as well as Stewart could in the thirties when his career was just starting. And like any true star, he has a screen image that's magnetic enough and vital enough to stand at the center of the movie and keep it in motion.

The Landlord gives him plenty of things that are in desperate need of mobilization: the movie comes complete with built-in inertia. Essentially it's a well-meaning, simple-minded comic fantasy, sort of a sequinned-up grandchild of the innocent leftist farces that Frank Capra was famous for making during the early days of the Depression. By that, I mean the kind of lame-brained film where pure-hearted, generous, grass-roots people—all of whom radiated simple goodness and spontaneity—were always tangling with power-hungry rich ones who were so gloweringly miserable and so outrageously greedy they could almost have been prototypes for Brecht's scoundrels. Also the kind of film where the good people dependably wound up beating the bastards at their own game. *The Landlord's* ancestors weren't much as movies, and they were as empty-headed as they could



get away with being, but the conflicts between the oppressed and the oppressors that they revolved around usually had a fair amount of snappiness and irony charging through them. They also could be counted on to have the good sense to adjust themselves to their own limitations; nobody ever pretended that they were for real in any but the most archly metaphorical way. And that wasn't just a matter of necessity, it was a matter of choice. Contrary to what most people think, plenty of the early American sound pictures looked into issues and tried to present them as they were: Capra's movies were exaggerated and impressionistic because they wanted to be "entertaining." They were out to be lighthearted and lightheaded and still "say something." The same diagnosis would hold true for an examination of the aims of *The Landlord*. Yes, its ending is a little less resolutely sunny than it would have been thirty-five years ago, and certainly, the social ailment involved is thornier than any of the ones that its predecessors ever had to do business with. But the struggle still concludes very cozily, and the message of the last ten minutes seems to be that, tough and critical as the tensions in a bi-racial society are, they're still not solutionless, there's the promise of the future, we can work it out, and so on. There's no camouflaging this movie's origins. It's plainly the third generation off-spring of *You Can't Take It With You* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

Still, it makes some bad mistakes, and they keep it from being the same kind of pleasantly dumb, socially-conscious fairy tale that its grandparents were. There's nothing inherently wrong with the theme. On paper, it sounds like a very appropriate scenario for a film with a Capra-like

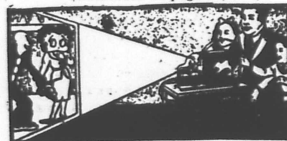
mentality—centering as it does on a high society drop-out who buys and goes to live in a tenement building in one of the Brooklyn ghettos, gets his ass rapped in by some of the local community, alienates his backward relatives, and comes out a better person for it all. It's a properly comical story, one that, according to the cheery conventions of its genre, shouldn't have too much trouble getting off the ground. In light of what's been happening in America recently, the subject matter might sound a little dubious—but it really isn't. Truthfully, there's no good reason why the big black-and-white collisions of the past ten years can't be made a little naive fun of every once in a while. They're not so touchy and so hopeless that they should have to be denied an occasional breather or a chance to become the material for a farcical romantic melodrama that's as potentially likeable as this one is. It's the way in which they're handled that should make all the difference, and the way that they're handled here tends to drag things down in some very elementary ways.

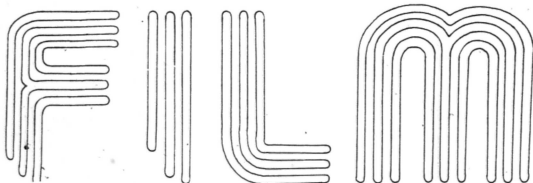
Hal Ashby's direction isn't basically what's at fault. The design of the movie is spotty and asymmetrical, and at several points, it's plain that Ashby is doing his best to cure the lopsidedness and give things some semblance of dramatic movement. He's up against bad odds, but a few times, at least, he does a reasonable admirable job of tarring over some of the gaps. Beyond any question, his style is sterile and frenetically glittery, indebted more to advertising graphics than it is to movie-making. It's not violently upsetting, though, and its sleekness is attractive, in an admittedly whorey way. There are a few respects in which his visual lay-outs would probably look frayed and trashy even

if they were used in television commercials, but they're not uniformly terrible. They do come up with a few clever sight gags—like having the white characters wear nothing but shades of bone and white and beige and eat nothing but white food. The direction isn't great, but it's ok; the thing that does most of the sabotaging is the screenplay, by Ray Harmon. The faithful way in which Ashby interprets it doesn't help much, but it's the writing that really refuses to play fair. The essence of a movie like *The Landlord* has got to be caricature—that's all it can live on, and that's the only way for it to amount to anything. With its suburban-imperialists, the script is fine, so good that it's rough to think of ways in which it might be improved. It pulls some gemmy comic simplifications, and the neurotic, hypocritical clan-of white millionaires that it creates as a background for the main character when he's at home just barely misses out on being a perfect model of balanced overstatement. Every one of the people in the hero's family is a subversive cartoon, conceived without much spite but with a lot of force, so that when they come together, they melt into a pile of comic strip clods, straggling out of a sixties updating of *Bringing Up Father*. The stereotypes are effective, and they get a good break from the actors, all of whom resist the temptation to make out-and-out madmen or slobbering imbeciles of their characters. The young blonde actress playing the boy's dishevelled sister is especially adept at keeping up this tricky balance between mockery and butchery, and her travesty of a "radically-minded," boarding school-educated debutante is very canny stuff. Astonishingly, none of the people in the white parts ever wanders too far away from the variety of wild-but-not-too-wild unreality that the script asks for, although Lee Grant, as a chic matriarchal jerk, does seem slightly off—probably because she's too clinical an actress to be much of a flounder or much of a clown (her character is both).

The sections of the screenplay that deal with life among the Connecticut "aristocracy" keep up their end of the bargain, but the parts that cover life in the ghetto don't. Instead of being exaggerated and parodied, the blacks are all presented seriously. They're

(Continued on page 14)





NOW YOU SEE IT

NOW YOU DON'T

sirkin

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE

Myra Breckinridge from what you read about it in the papers, should by rights be the worst movie ever made—and that's a distinction that's not to be sneezed at. The movie has everything that it needs to qualify: greed, stupidity, cries of horror from every intelligent person who's been within a twenty mile radius of it—and, most importantly, a director (some schmuck named Michael Sarne) who's only other film sold hedonism in such a degraded, despicably sleazy way, that it was one of the all-time-great arguments for the aesthetic life. Regrettably, the outcome isn't half as bad as it's been made out to be. Gore Vidal's elegantly snide anti-novel was about the ludicrously corrosive influences of mass culture on the average and not-so-average slob, and naturally, that theme appears nowhere in the film. But a few fragments of the original still peep out from beneath the wreckage, and anyone who passionately admires the book will most likely get a rise out of hearing Raquel Welch read some of those great lines. Surprisingly enough, she acts with just the right kind of sibilance and the right kind of absurd seriousness for the character; Susan Sontag, whose writing style Vidal satirizes with such murderous accuracy in the novel, probably couldn't do the part any more sagely herself. Anything and everything in the screenplay that's not quoted directly from the source material is retarded to the point of being pre-mental—which figures, since

close to all the additions were written by Sarne. For the most part, Sarne's inventions are assigned to an ancient ball of soiled cotton candy that seems to think it's Mae West, and the ball does its best to squeeze a few laughs out of them. The movie has no continuity whatsoever, and the sound recording is so inadequate that at least twenty-five percent of the crucial expository dialogue is absolutely inaudible. That doesn't matter much, actually. Going to this contraption expecting competence would be like going to Martha Mitchell expecting wisdom—you'd deserve everything you got. There's a childishly erotic quality about some of the imagery that I fell for, but perhaps, when all the talk dies down, Myra Breckinridge will be remembered as the film that brought a new great lady, in the style of Irene Dunne, to the screen: Rex Reed. His performance here is self-conscious, and in fairness, it should be said that his is one self that no actor should have to be conscious of. Most people seem to think that the most shocking moment in the film comes when Myra puts on a dildo and rapes a helpless stud, but, for me, the real jolt came at a completely different time: the scene when Reed takes off his shirt and reveals that there's hair on his chest, to be precise. Just for the record, I've seen a lot of movies that were worse than this one, among them *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, *The Damned*, *Negatives*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Killing of Sister George*, *The Odd Couple*, and *The Tiger Makes Out*.

FESTIVALS

Harmonyville is cancelled due to legal hassles.

Strawberry Fields is on, we think, but moved to Mosport Race Course near Toronto.

Ann Arbor Blues is on.

BIG 'B' BOP

by Andre Dexidour

If you look at the Baltimore music scene, and look at it closely, you'll be amazed. There's a great deal of good music going down in this city, and it doesn't seem that enough of you have taken the time to make it into the streets and parks and to the benefits, dances, halls, whatever, to hear these groups. Baltimore's rock scene is beginning to emerge with high degrees of quality, creativity, and artistic integrity prevailing with the better bands in the area. In other words, good and potentially great things are happening here musically, and the Baltimore musicians need your support.

Light has signed with Columbia, and Grin from Washington, Led by Nils Lofgren, have signed with David Briggs to form Thunder Records. Their first single is expected in three weeks, with an album to follow shortly.



It looks as if the "nobody can ever make it from Baltimore" thing is finally over.

As well as the record signings, other good musical things have been happening in the city. Baltimore groups such as Joshua, Aux, Calhoun, Clipper Mill, Procreation, Howdy Duty, Meat and others have been donating their time to a number of benefits and free concerts in the Baltimore-Washington area. Folk music artists such as Gregory Kihn, Bette White, Will White, and many others have also contributed to successful benefits and concerts, etc. in recent months.

So the only problem is, more of you have to come out.

WAYE, which is a dawn to dusk AM station, has gone to an automated underground format, which is a first for any AM station in the city. Dig it, with Baltimore already supporting one of the worst semi-top 40 stations in the history of man, we have nowhere to go but up.

LANDLORD (Continued from page 13)

taken straight, like the characters in one of those strained, pseudo-realistic Hollywood movies about people with problems. The attempt is to show their hardships and their misgivings just as they are, but it's not a very persuasive, or even a very ambitious, one. Diana Sands, as a former beauty queen who's living just to make it to the end of the day, is given one touching passage that sounds right more often than it sounds wrong, but the writing of the other aspects of her character is unstable, sometimes jarringly artificial. Exactly what's on her mind never gets through: she's supposed to be playing a frustrated, unhappy woman, in love with her insecure husband and sorry for him at the same time, but the intensity of her fears and her resentments is developed in the jargon of vapid psychological drama, and the things she says and does don't seem to have much relationship with one another or much resonance—she doesn't seem to be a whole person. The same contradictions and rifts make dull enigmas out of the other blacks; they're drawn even more mistily, in a way that makes it hard for them to exist even as plot instruments. But the most flagrantly unbelievable about all of them is that—except for the beautiful, hoarse-voiced, half-white-half-black girl who provides the love interest—they continually treat Beau Bridges character as if he were Strom Thurmond's brother. Long after he's learned his lesson and lost most of his illusions, they're still pushing him around and sneering at him, as though his whiteness in itself were enough to make him a deserving symbol for every white man who ever wronged a black. Even Diana Sands, who jumps into bed with him when she's drunk, is snotty and peremptory with him most of the time. The movie sincerely wants to tell-it-like-it-is and not soft-pedal the fury and the bitterness of people who've been exploited and colonized for centuries. But by showing its black characters as being unbudgingly contemptuous of a well-meaning white, it comes off claiming that all blacks are so frenzied with suffering that they can't reason right and don't know an ally when they see one. That's telling it the way the Southern White Citizens' Councils would like to hear it, but it's not telling the truth, and it's definitely not the sort of attitude that makes sense coming from the blacks in this movie, almost all of whom are presented as being loving and practical.

What's really significant, though, isn't so much that the aggressive boorishness of the tenants toward the landlord seems phony. The shocking thing about it is that there's no faint sign anywhere that these little displays of indiscriminate contempt might be very irrational behavior. One character—a black schoolteacher who's overtly racist—is sniffed at a little, and there's a hint that his blanket hatreds are self-defeating, yet he's never observed with anywhere near the same impatience or the same condescension that the white oafs are looked on with. And that's only one example of this movie's unwillingness to see any imperfections in the people it

(Continued on page 14)



McCartney · without nose



RECORD REVIEWS

REVIVAL



Creedence Clearwater Revival
Cosmos Factory (Fantasy)

Here it is friends, the new CCR album. I guess there's some symbolic statement in the cover photo, but that I will leave to anyone who cares.

But to get down to it, this is another John Fogerty masterpiece. Three songs from the "top 40" appear on the record, "Travelin' Band", "Who'll Stop the Rain", and "Up Around the Bend", as well as Gladys Knight's hit, "I Heard It Through the Grapevine", which works out smoothly in something over eight minutes.

The rest of the songs are basic John Fogerty-type material, though he didn't write them all, and despite the fact that this is the fifth CCR album in less than two years, the music is easily as good or better than any of their previous efforts. There are a few minor innovations which the true CCR freaks will notice. Horns on one cut, an acoustic bass leading off another. But basically it's the same thing, though not so close that you'd think it's a copy of the old stuff. But who cares.

CCR is a good rock and roll band, one of the best, and *Cosmos Factory* may be their finest rock and roll to date.

WHO

Barbara Keith
(Verve/Forecast)

There's a record out by a girl named Barbara Keith, and it probably won't sell much because (a) nobody's hyping it, (b) nobody's playing it, and (c) who's ever heard of Barbara Keith anyway. I hadn't. But as it turns out, it's really a fine album.

There are some interesting people involved in the record, Peter Asher produced it, and plays piano on some cuts. Also there's Bill Keith (no relation), playing some fine pedal steel guitar and Banjo. The rest of the instrumentation is the basic folk, rock, country, whatever, that's being used these days by most people.

The songs, with one exception, were written by Barbara Keith, and it would be difficult to select one outstanding cut. Almost everything here is well written, and contains some particularly beautiful and unique melodies.

You'll find very few tricks on this recording. There are a few places where the vocal mix phases between the channels, and the vocal parts get strange and almost eerie. Sometimes it's hard to tell whether it's Miss Keith or the engineer who is producing the Effects. Unfortunately, it all may never reach your ears, because who's ever heard of Barbara Keith.

Tim Buckley Lorca (Elektra 74074)

It seems that a great many people are down on Tim Buckley. His career isn't exactly booming along, but I wonder if he cares. And now, Elektra has released "Lorca", which appears to be a recorded stage of Buckley's music fitting between "Happy/Sad" and "Blue Afternoon". Those who expect material similar to the Buckley-Beckett compositions on "Goodbye and Hello" will be disappointed, for this is an album of experimentation, without the super smooth production of earlier Buckley records.

The music here is jazz, blues, and Buckley, with the usual sidemen, Carter C.C. Collins on congas, Lee Underwood playing fantastic guitar and electric piano, and John Balkin on bass and pipe organ. None of the five cuts is under six minutes, and things drag at times. Buckley has also included some of his simplest and worst lyrics on this album, but it really doesn't mean much because he uses his voice more to work with the instruments than to convey a message through words.



On his recordings Tim Buckley has showed real musical integrity in playing what he felt and not what someone else wanted. This album is a glimpse of Buckley from the past, and will probably appeal to the hard core Buckley followers more than anyone else. "Lorca" is an honest record if nothing else; to get into it, get the Fred Neil "Sessions" feeling, and listen to the flow.

WHO ELSE

Johnny Jenkins - Ton-Ton Macoute!
Atco (SD 33-331)

Johnny Jenkins is an unknown, but not really. He's been around for some time, somewhere. Mostly New York I think. He used to be into blues, but now he plays some sort of combination of African rhythms, steel guitars, slide guitars and lots of other voices and instruments. There were some fine musicians involved in the record, and for their sakes, I won't bother to mention them.

The material is generally excellent, with Dr. John's "I Walk on Guilted Splinters", Dylan's "Down Along The Cove", and Sleepy John Estes', "Leaving Trunk", and six other songs which are systematically destroyed by the overbearing murky production.

It's really too bad because Johnny Jenkins is an able guitarist when given room to play, and he can "get it on" in a performance as well. But this time, I think they blew it.

Landlord

(Continued from page 14)

sympathizes with. Up until the very end, it almost seems as though the idea is that whites should fear blacks and think that every black hates them. The worst, the most masochistic white fantasy of black retribution is released midway through the action—a drunk, screaming black man chasing after a defenseless white man with an axe—and no detectable attitude is indicated toward it. No wonder Harmon and Ashby don't caricature their blacks: they're afraid to say anything about them at all that might seem negative in any way. They're so scared of looking like bigots, they probably don't think it would be possible to stereotype the black characters without reverting to the coarsely derisive "darky" caricatures that American comedies once dealt in so notoriously. Their refusal is deadly, because it deprives what they're trying to do of the equilibrium it needs to survive. The scripts for the Capra comedies were never frightened of turning their good characters into simplified types or of kidding them, but the script for *The Landlord* is. Because of that, there's nothing to cement its two sides together, nothing.

at its base. There's no conflict because there's no meeting grounds between the two opposing forces: they live in such different and such totally unbridgeable worlds. If, for example, the Lee Grant character is to be made into a loony Hedda Hopper society matron, then the character played by Pearl Bailey has to be represented as some other kind of badly caricatured type, because that's the only way that there can be any friction between them. As it is, they have nothing in common. The two of them seem to be characters in two entirely different movies, and when they get together for what's intended to be a hilarious confrontation scene, the outcome is forced and uncomfortable—a joke-book character trying to make contact with somebody out of a day-time TV serial. A battle between caricatures has to fought by caricatures, and if the architects of the clash are going to be hesitant about boiling any of the contending parties down to a cliché, they're not going to stage much of a fight. That's only common sense, and that's something the films of Frank Capra had. This *Landlord* doesn't.



FUNK GOURMET

If an old man likes a young girl,
That's his business!
And if a young girl likes an old man,
That's her business!
And if they want to get married,
That's their business!
And if you look on the other side,
That's our business!



by Juanita Twist

"Helloa my boyce! Ya like a little meat-loaf today? Ah... such old world hospitality, such flavor, such charm greets one upon entering Nick's, on Greenmount near 34th St. and it gets better as you go along.

Once Nick gets to know you, the sky's the limit. Free salads, extra bread, milk in the corn—it's amazing what a buck can buy.

The other customers won't bother you. Most of them are crazy old fucks that Nick lets sit around all day with a cup of coffee, mostly to talk to.

'Cause old Nick, he loves to talk.

Mostly about what's a man gonna do about the high cost of... everything.

Nonetheless, he manages to serve meat, 2 vegetables, salad, and bread for a buck to buck-fifty. Neopolitan cuisine, subs, veal cutlets, pork chops, he even has CHICKEN HASH!

There's no denying, Nick makes mistakes, I don't think he can really make everything on the menu, and sometimes it gets a little greasy, but, shit, it's him and a young girl and you know you're doing him a favor. At those prices, he's doing you a favor.

So let's stack up 4 of those empty bottles of T-bird and call it a day.

PHONE CH. 9293



OYSTERS IN SEASON

NICK'S RESTAURANT
STEAKS -- CHOPS -- SPAGHETTI
TASTY TOASTED SANDWICHES
SODA FOUNTAIN

NICK, PROP.

(OVER)

3358 GREENMOUNT AVE.
BALTIMORE 18, MD.

BALTIMORE SOUND



Gregory Kihn

Gregory Kihn is, at 21, a veteran of the Baltimore music scene. For this he deserves a cultural purple heart. For him, here, there's not much of anywhere to play and there's not much of anyone to play to. Baltimore, which Greg professes to like, or to try to, is a low-income suburb of America's industrial progress. Its aesthetic level is what you'd expect from a city where the mayor looks like the sax player in Frankie and the Deltones. When Baltimore leapt into underground listening, it seemed to do so with profound respect for Time magazine's essay on the new rock. I mean Baltimore kids think the acoustic guitar is an extinct tribe of Pacific Northwest Indians. Bob Dylan didn't pop full-grown from between the covers of *Blonde On Blond*, and Elvis Presley wasn't strumming a Fender Super Duper Bubble Gum Solid Body with a wa-wa pedal. Rock, even acid rock, owes a lot to the acoustic guitar, the way Chuck Berry owes a lot to Bo Diddley. What Gregory Kihn plays, or the best of what he plays, is acoustic rock. You don't have to tarpaper your eardrums, but the beat is there, the fuck/fuck. You get off if you have the taste to.

But he's a folk singer because it doesn't take three equipment managers and two groupies to set him up on stage. He's a folk singer because the kids can't scream about their latest smack high and still hear him. He's a folk singer because he so often performs alone—without even a light show. And as a folk singer he has to play the 1959 places with names like *The Avant Chicken Turd* where the cover is \$2.50, the coffee tastes like European mud, and the waitresses all wear leotards. There are about two of those places left in Baltimore.

I talked to Greg about folk music. Dylan had blown his mind in the Peter, Paul and Mary days when everyone knew 231 verses of Stagger Lee. He used to do blues, Lightning Hopkins. John Lee Hooker was a great influence. But Kihn stopped blues. Lightning Hopkins. John Lee Hooker was a great influence. But Kihn stopped doing blues. He didn't exactly say why. I get the idea that it had to do with the inauthenticity there. Greg isn't black. The blues that are still in his music are the suburban blues—disconnected from blues topicality; even from present context

of drugs and politics. His music is pure in that it has to do mostly with his guitar playing, with his composing for that playing. There are influences, certainly, from all the guitar playing that's been done in America, from blues, country, and bluegrass sounds, but it's his own capacity for melody that comes out most. His own skill and rendering and elaborating those melodies.

Listening to Greg Kihn brings to mind Richie Havens or Tim Hardin, sometimes—Tim Hardin especially. Greg doesn't listen to Tim Hardin.

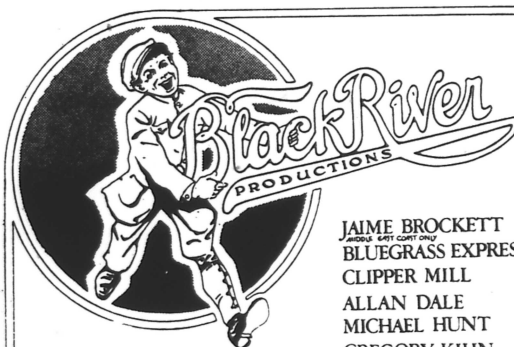
Won't listen to him even when people tell him to, tell him he'll like it. I think he's been told too many times that that's how he sounds. And he doesn't really sound like that. Which I guess he knows without listening.

Jack Heyman gave me a tape of Greg with five cuts, working up rough things to be done with back-ups like Tracey Schwartz on fiddle and Clipper Mill. Two ballads and three accoustical rock on two tracks poorly taped. I managed some coherency of sound by playing the tape in monoral mode, balanced to the guitar mike. Though Greg made asides about how sloppy everything was coming off and the difficulty in playing around the holes, the playing, the quality of the picking was so fine that the effect was that I heard an album side. The tunes, the three rock tunes most, were first-rate music. Nothing was cheap or facile. He doesn't sacrifice musical composition for flashy attempts at super-originality. In this I was reminded of early Lennon-McCartney. I heard him complain about impolite audiences and I've heard it said audiences don't like his attitude but this tape session was casual and disarming. There's a feeling of skill, a backlog which doesn't need to be forced. All these musical ideas beyond the scope of his single guitar take shape when he explains the empty spaces. He has an effective and gentle voice that complements his playing. So that his singings always pleasant but it's his playing that's brilliant. He often sings with Clipper Mill. It's a good match, giving Clipper Mill the vocal strength they need. I'm not extremely fond of Kihn's lyrics. Lyric writing seems to me to be as much of an art as instrument playing or singing and I think too many

musicians assume that because they're good at the former two, they're good at the latter. Mostly they aren't. Greg's lyrics aren't *bad* but they lack the precise quality and confidence of his music. A happy ability at lyrics has a lot to do with the Beatles and the Stones being better than the many excellent groups to have come up since. If you can't write lyrics as good as your music (as The Cream never could) then you should let someone else do it.

Greg held out for a long time to make his first album—held out through offers from ABC, MGM, RCA, and Roulette until he was sure he could make his own record. Oracle said they'd let him do that and he's cutting for them in September with some impressive sidemen like Huey McCracken on guitar and Paul Harris on keyboard, Terry Plumori from Love Cry Want on acoustic bass, Tracey Schwartz on fiddle and Clipper Mill. When I think about that tape and think about it polished and filled-out I look forward to hearing Greg Kihn's first album.

by P. J. O'Rourke



JAIME BROCKETT
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Bluesette



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LIVE UNDERGROUND MUSIC
FRI. & SAT 8-12 JAM SESSION
SUN 8-12



THIS WAY TO BRAND NEW WOODSTOCK NATION FREE DOPE DEATH CULTURE

by P. J. O'Rourke

a politician is an arse
upon
which everyone has sat
except a man
—e. e. cummings

We are perfectly capable of producing our own shiny new (and very radical) death culture. In the first place, we're only going to get a revolution if we deserve a revolution. And in the second place, we'll get only the kind of revolution we deserve—if we get a revolution at all.

Revolution may be the wrong word as politics is the wrong word for our "political" thinking. I should hope to move towards a world of unities, of unity—towards a comprehensive and post-linear world with a structure beyond *structura* (edifice, arrangement, mode of building). I should think to move towards an order as sublime as chaos, the natural order of the universe. I want an absurd world, a world beyond reason. Reason is a narrow fart of understanding, a cheap game we can easily impose upon being. Reason is to existence as graph paper is to a flower.

To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game

—Bob Dylan

Yet too many of our "revolutionary" sisters and brothers would have us kill and die to effect another linear progression of control. To me, subjugation to one master, some Nixon or Kosygin, or to the billion masters of the masses is an empty choice. I want what men have always wanted—to be answerable to no man, to be left alone.

I do not deny (I don't think anyone who's read the things I've written would claim that I deny) the need for social justice. Nor am I so naive as to think this social justice can be achieved without forceful action. But the world we have now converted so as to be equitable (even in a mass sense) would be only a small step. The bourgeoisie show us than man, freed from the priorities of want and war, generates most of his unhappiness within himself. That's not even the whole problem. Aside from man's internal difficulties, an achievement of peace and equity in the world would not end oppression any more than the

achievement of peace and equity in China has ended oppression there. In fact, oppression by the masses might prove to be the worst and most thorough oppression of all. Perhaps because at the present level of man's consciousness he can only make himself behave by viewing his existence through some cramped Marxist-Leninist grid of materialism and with that resultant blue-print, convert his motley splendor into some grim mechanism. Brave New Death Culture. People's Democratic Death Culture. Liberated Mass Death Culture. Even the Woodstock Nation Free Dope Death Culture.

When man invents a machine, he runs it; then the machines begin to run him, and he becomes the slave of his slave.

—Kahlil Gibran

Once, or it seems that once, we had an idea. We had an idea to find peace. We had an idea to find love. Peace within ourselves and love for the splendor of the universe. All the universe. Its squalor, its horror, its trees and flowers. How strong we'd be if we could agitate from out that beauty. How firm we'd be but understanding. How stoic but human. How patient but pressing. If we could remember Alan Watts told us, that THIS IS IT. THIS is the "reason." THIS is the "goal." THIS right now, right here. THIS. But my revolutionary friends tell me I must over-come individualism, anarchy, the ego. I think they're telling me I must over-come being human. I'm very busy. I have no time to become a machine. Not a U.S. fighter pilot machine. Not a New Man cane cutting machine. Poor Che. He had to go to Bolivia because he was a frail man and he didn't work right as a strong machine. He was a fuck-up as a successful revolutionary. He had to go to Bolivia to stay human.

When the wrong man uses
the right means the right
means work the wrong
way.

—Laotse

All over the radical community I see people preying on what they call "youth culture"—trying to shape it to



their own ends. Calling freaks who laugh too much 'class clowns.' Accusing those who insist on individuality of "do-your-own-thing-ism"—as if they should do someone else's. And denouncing artists and saints for "not promoting adequate political consciousness." I hear rhetoric and jingoism which I cannot differentiate from the rhetoric and jingoism of the death culture we already have. I hear hatred and frustration masquerading as righteous self-defense. I hear more wars.

The underground press is not the least to blame. I see most issues of most major undergrounds and I'm reminded of nothing so much as the stands at a high school football game. These journalists, myself included, are spectators mostly, whatever they say. The emotions in the stands are always more violent and ridiculous than those on the field. Dope⁶ and dynamite—radical bread and circuses while men of peace like Leary and men of principle like Sinclair rot in jail. We have developed a sort of red yellow press—very big on telling sixteen year old kids to 'Off the Pig' the way Hearst once told an adolescent America to 'Remember the Maine.' Roots are quickly forgotten, I know. Read the Bill of Rights. But I expected more from us.

If you know what it is
And you want to survive
You'd better go to overdrive.

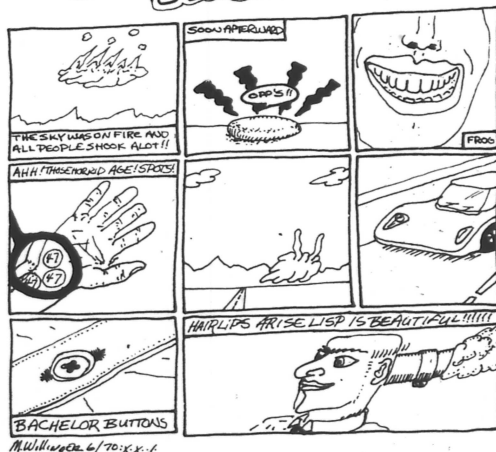
—Steve Miller

To me the true problem is acceptance, not rebellion. Rebellion is easy. We're born rebelling against birth, grow up rebelling against authority, and are quickly persuaded to rebel against injustice. That's good but acceptance is hard. Perhaps we are by nature xenophobic and frightened particularly by the strangeness of existence. The acceptance of that existence as "right" is more profound than any rebellion. And the acceptance of people, all people, as valid and human. No one is a classification who can be categorically "offed" without ever being met. And the self most of all. To abandon self-hatred and frustration. To control by flowing with the self. To explore and understand individuality and connectedness to all being. To live in the beauty. Very radical indeed.

drinking
a bowl of green tea
I stopped the war

—Paul Reys

Big Deal!! I WASN'T THERE!!



MOTHER TRUCK
•East Presents
SANTANA

Only 1970 Local Appearance

Their First Time in Area

SANTANA

Friday Night
(7:30 P.M.) Tickets: \$3 \$4 \$5 \$6

August 14
BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER

Send. Self-addressed, stamped, envelope stating price preference to:
JerMac Ticket Assoc., 201 W. Baltimore, Md.

JerMac Ticket, 201 W. Balto. St. 21201, Tickets—Montgomery Wards, Evolution (Dundalk)—The Fly, Eastern Ave.—Penny Back, Reisterstown Rd.—Bum Steer (Read Street). For Information Call 685-7282.



RIDE TO S.F. needed soon. Wayne Hartman 276-7961.

ACTOR: or unexp. man who can, for 16mm sound film. Should be in early 20's, goodlooking, but MUST be well built and athletic. May be able to pay. Contact The Cinema Group at 685-2106 (early morn or late eve).

FOR SALE: ss. dark room equipment. Call Toan-685-2770.

Fuck you Samm. Ed.

RIDE WANTED to West Col. or California—leave word at HARRY for Doug.

Gay Guy (16 yrs.) wishes to meet same (16-30 yrs.) Send name, letter, and phone number to: HARRY, Box 35940

Wanted: Girl model for photography. Write Box 105, HARRY.

EXCHANGE: Free rent for keeping hous.. Need 1 or 2 intelligent women (over 18) to live in N.W. Balto. mansion. Call 467-3608.

Free kittens to good home. Trained, 2 female, 1 male. 10 weeks old. Bonnie 444-6398 10-10 Mon.-Fri.

DIAL-A-DATE for women only. Call 727-0319.

REWARD! Lost—a Weimaraner 1 year old puppy, gray in color, with gray eyes. Please call 752-0846 or 523-7853. Lost in the vicinity of Bolton Hill.

Bicycles Wanted. M & F. Call David or Jill, 669-5171.

1959 Red Rambler. Best offer. 944-5692.

Riders wanted to Nebraska and maby Calif. Need some one to help with driving & gas. Would like girls but doesn't matter. Call Jeff 265-6071 or write JEFF, 3009 Fairview Rd., Balto., Md. 21207.

MOTHER JONES

by Thomas V. D'Antoni
"The Mother Jones Community Information Center is here because of a concern about the people of this community and the world," is the way the members of the Mother Jones Collective have defined themselves and their information center which opened recently at 1823 W. Lombard St.

Named after a woman "who devoted all her long life to fighting in the struggles of working people, jobless people, the poor, the hungry, and the oppressed," the center seeks to provide legal information, a free lunch program, a liberation school and child care. The center is located in a predominantly white working area and is set up along the lines of the Black Panther Party Community Information Center.

The politics of the Collective are essentially similar to the Panthers. In their newsletter "Voice of Mother Jones" they stress the point that the struggle does not involve working class blacks fighting it out with working

I live in a messed up neighborhood where I don't get along with the people too good, because I'm into a different bag than them. Would like to make friends. I'm easy to get along with friends between 16 and 20. Contact or hop around. Zenelle, 2234 Druid Hill Avenue. Baltimore.

HELP! Isn't there any chick going to U of M at C.P. who needs a roommate? My dog and I are having a hell of a hassle finding a home, and I even use Right Guard. Distance from campus no big problem. Share expenses, etc. Reply: Sarah, 103 W. Belvedere, Balto. Get a friend for life!

1200E264X

Straight married couple, late 20's looking for female traveling companion, over 21, to travel in camper across country. No Freaks. Box 66, HARRY.

Wanted: Rider to Cal. Leave Aug. 23 (will take approx. 12 days). Some camping. Share driving and expenses. Must have light luggage. Male or female, but no outrageous freaks please. Judy, 377-8022, after 6.

For Sale: MAMYA C33 w/105mm and 180mm w/case & Poroflex, Graffix strob IV. \$300, Tom 685-2770.

Sales representative wanted — Aura Sonic Labs, Inc. needs somebody to bring in accounts for our recording studio and production co. 15% comm. Salary when we can afford it. 236 E. 25th St. 467-2340, Mon.-Sat. 11-7:30.

— Ride wanted to San Fran. California in August or Sept. Call 243-2940 ask for Lin.

All ads received by HARRY will be printed, regardless of content. However, we hope that you will examine your ads very carefully in order to avoid putting yourself in the position of exploiter or oppressor. The only way to live is to love and deal humanly.

Also, if the ads keep getting raunchier, like they did for this issue, we may be forced to change our policy. The conception of a woman as simply a sex object has no place in our community.

class whites on a racial level, but that "the blacks are fighting the same enemy we are: the greedy businessman that pays us low wages and charges us high prices in the white communities. The fat landlords that blacks are fighting are the same fat landlords that are screwing our community. The racist pig policemen are the same pigs that hassle us on the street corners of our white communities. The lying politicians that control the black community are the same lying politicians that try to fool us white people, telling us lies that make us feel that blacks are inferior. We must reject these lies. We must fight alongside our black sisters and brothers. Liberation for them means liberation for us."

The collective, made up of veteran Baltimore radicals, is attempting to raise the political and (therefore) revolutionary consciousness of the community around the center by both service and education. They say that

Nued & Semi-nude modeling assignments 837-0372

Wanted Go-Go girls for weekend store assignment 837-0372.

Inquire about handmade clothes custom or stock—Susan & Millie Enterpirizes, c/o Fatty Arbuckles.

"Wilt thou who walked off with the day-glow bicycle, please return it?"

Love,
Jimi

For sale: '69 MUSTANG FASTBACK. color: pale lemon, 351 cu. in., 8,000 miles. Call any morning before 10:30. 655-7991. Asking \$2595.

Wanted: Female Companion, 18-30 to share eff. apt., air cond., with male. Rent free, near Peabody Inst. If serious, call 727-5313.

THE NAKED TRUTH

16 mm.]Craig movie editor Donald Bulfini, 2814 Calvert.

Affectionate male willing to provide stimulating entertainment for female! Box 19, HARRY.

BMW-R60-1969. Low Mileage. 669-2357.

PAT (Georgetown), Hi! — Chris.

Prescription drug and chemical information you couldn't get elsewhere! \$3.00 per inquiry. DRUG DATA, Box 7669, Baltimore, Maryland 21207

Hip used paperbacks, periodicals, underground newspapers, and many many more. Bargains at discount prices. Catalogue 25 cents. Write Serendipity, 406 Bouchelle Street, Morganton, N.C. 28655.

We need slum-goddess ball freaks in Patterson Park. The male population is horny and the chicks don't give. Come to the corner of Eastern and Ellwood, 6-12 p.m.

Spacy grace felix
face kittens - Michele 243-2150

CYNTHIA—where are you? Robert E. Lee c/o Harry

Debby, saw yor ad July 17 issue of Harry, if you still need help cal Michael at 301-445-0145 after 6:00.

HARPSICHORD—Zuckerman kit for sale, 20% completed, excellent condition, call 467-2724 after 5.

AMPLIFIER—90 Watt, 2 12 inch speakers, horn driver, reverb & tremelo, bass channel, piggyback. Best offer 825-7741

For Sale: 64 MGB, needs bodywork, best offer, call 467-5716

Money available for any sensible, underground, business. If anyone has any ideas, I have the bread. HARRY, Box 486

Models wanted, good pay. Nude & semi-nude. HARRY, Box 073

Anyone interested in becoming a partner in a new rock club please reply or call Harry to get in contact with me. I have the bread if you can invest your time. HARRY, Box 811

Singer needed for established group. Freak only. Call 668-6248 or 435-6557

WANTED: Female companion 18-30 to share Effie. A/C apt. with male rent free, near Peabody Institute. If serious call 727 5313, 9 AM-10 PM. Expecting or unwed mothers considered.

Young liberal bachelor wants to share apt. & expenses. Call 828-6316 after 4.

For Sale: Minolta SRT101. Two bodies w/28mm and 300mm plus case. Must sell, splitting. Call Tom 685-2770.

Double set of Ludwig Drums, 8 mos. old, \$400. 2 base drums, 3 tenor tom, 2 floor tom, 1 chrome 402 snare. Call 358-7385. Jerry.

Wanted: Young Pussy. One young long-haired cat, well hung, available for stud service. call Calvin 363-1250, any time.

South. FOR SALE: Stereo Garrard turntable, solid state amp, auv. jacks, 2 speakers ea. w/8" woofer & 3/4 tweeter. Perfect cond. call Roger 486-5486 FREE!

ATTENTION!

Proponents of decentralization and intentional rural community:
GOT ANY SPARE CHANGE?

The Heathcote Community needs money to build a bathroom and toilet facility.



Required by the county, this service building must meet rigid specifications: It is needed to serve our visitor flow-through, which amounted to 3000 people last year, and must include a 1000 gal. septic tank. Total cost will range from \$3000 to \$3500. Our building fund now contains less than 1/3 of the needed amount. Please help Heathcote

GREEN LANTERN LOUNGE

4019 Frederick Ave. (Irvington)

Every Thursday Night
9 'til 2

Featuring electric rock sounds of:
LEMON LIME

Aug. 3 - Mon.

music:

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

William Themister, pianist
Peabody Conservatory 5 P.M.

Brenda Gibb, violin recital
Peabody Conservatory 8 P.M.

Concert Band - John Booth Recreation Ctr.
Claremont & Egon St. 8 P.M.

films:

"Wagonmaster"
Bryant Woods Elem. School 8 P.M.

Aug. 4 - Tues.

music:

Students of Madame Duschak,
voice - Peabody Conservatory 8 P.M.

Ann McMahan - recital
Peabody Conservatory 5 P.M.

Concert Band
Irvin Luckman Mem. Playgrd. 8 P.M.

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

dance:

New York City Ballet
Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

Aug. 5 - Wed.

music:

Concert Band 8 P.M.
Baybrook Park - 6th St. - Brooklyn

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

dance:

New York City Ballet
Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

misc.:

"Educational" 7:30 P.M.
Balto. Labor Committee

Aug. 6 - Thurs.

music:

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Concert Band
Riverside Park
off 200 blk. Fort Ave. 8 P.M.

dance:

New York City Ballet
Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

films:

"Rashomon"
Bryant Woods Elem. School 8 P.M.

Pas De Deux - Dream of the Wild Horses -
Moods of Surfing - Liquid Jazz - Study in Wet
Enoch Pratt Free Library 2 P.M.

misc.:

Community Supper 6 P.M.
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House

Aug. 7 - Fri.

music:

Concert Band
Birtic Park
Glenmore & Walther Blvd.
8 P.M.

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

"Aubrey Circle" - Bluesette

"Matrix" - Blues Back Alley

dance:

Folk dancing - Johns Hopkins Univ.

New York City Ballet
Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.



The Magician - The Hand - Parable -
Munro - Chromophobia - To Live - Toys
Enoch Pratt Free Library 2 P.M.

misc.:

Community Supper 6 P.M.
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House

Aug. 14 - Fri.

music:

"SANTANA"
Baltimore Civic Ctr. 7 P.M.

"Calhoun" - Bluesette

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

A Review of Songs & Dances from
Broadway Musicals
Community College of Baltimore 8:15 P.M.

"Matrix"
Blues Back Alley

dance:

Folk dancing - Johns Hopkins Univ.

occult:

Babaji Kieya Yoga
2912 N. Calvert St.
6:30 P.M. 243-6910

Aug. 15 - Sat.

music:

JOHN SEBASTIAN!!
IN CONCERT AT
MERRIWEATHER POST PAVILLION
COLUMBIA
!!ALL SEATS \$2.50!!
!!TWO RESERVED SEATS!!
!!FAR OUT!!

"Crunk" - Bluesette

Bette White
The Dead End Coffeehouse

Aug. 10 - Mon.

music:

Concert Band
Patterson Park 8 P.M.

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Army Field Band
Merriweather Post Pavilion 3 P.M.

Jazz Combo
Community College of Baltimore 1 P.M.

films:

"The Quiet Man"
Bryant Woods Elem. School 8 P.M.

Aug. 11 - Tues.

music:

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Concert Band
Violetville School
Pine Hgts. Ave. & Clarendale Rd. 8 P.M.

Aug. 12 - Wed.

music:

Festival of Music
Baltimore Memorial Stadium 8 P.M.

A Review of Songs & Dances from
Broadway Musicals
Community College of Baltimore 8:15 P.M.

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

misc.:

"Educational" 7:30 P.M.
Balto. Labor Committee

Aug. 13 - Thurs.

music:

A Review of Songs & Dances from
Broadway Musicals
Community College of Baltimore 8:15 P.M.

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

films:

"Yojimbo"
Bryant Woods Elem. School 8 P.M.

nature:

Otter Creek backpack - thru Aug. 8
Call Herbert 338-1552

occult:

Babaji Kieya Yoga
2912 N. Calvert St.
6:30 P.M. 243-6910

Aug. 8 - Sat.

music:

"Procreation" - Bluesette
"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Wil White
The Dead End Coffeehouse

"Overpass Shadow"
Good Shepherd Church
Boise Ave. - Ruxton 8 P.M.

"Alley Blues Band"
Blues Back Alley

dance:

New York City Ballet
Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

Aug. 9 - Sun.

music:

Jam session - Bluesette
"Dave Holland Quartet" and
Chick Corea
Famous Ballroom 5 P.M.

"The Supremes" and Ray Charles
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

misc.:

Star Spangled Exposition & Art Festival
Sunrise to Sunset
Rt. 1, North edge of Bel Air
For more info, call 838-6510

Aug. 16 - Sun.

music:

Jam session - Bluesette

Jazz On the Chesapeake Boat Ride
Pier 1, Pratt St.
"Richard G. Holmes"
7 P.M. Tickets available there.

"The Temptations"
Carter Barron Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.
A Review of Songs & Dances from
Broadway Musicals
Community College of Baltimore 8:15 P.M.

misc.:

Outing & Field Meet given by Banderleros M.C.
Vista Raceway, Vista, Md. 1 P.M. \$2. donation
Dance afterward with music by the "Castells"

CONTINUING

"International Society of
Krishna Consciousness"
1300 N. Calvert St. 752-2938
Every morning - 7 A.M. -
Meditation.
Mon., Wed. & Fri. -
Lecture & Meditation.
Every Sun. - Feast 4 P.M.
\$1.50 donation on Sun.
"International Guiding Light
Center" - Group Meditation
(Every night exc. Wed.) 9 P.M.

Aug. 1 thru 6
Contemporary Art of Poland
Goucher College

thru Sept. 15
"Macula" - photo exhibition
Maryland Institute - Photoc Gallery
9:30 A.M. - 10 P.M. Mon.-Fri.